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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS
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AMERICAN GIRLS IN ART SERIES

NUMBER THIRTY-ONE

GIRL IN STRIPED DRESS painted by ROBERT HENRI

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS
REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD · EDITOR

APRIL • 1937

EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

in another charming travel article, tells of her visit to the tiny, rock-ribbed island of Saba in the Caribbean,—truly a

MYSTERY ISLAND

Tot that I take fortune tellers seriously, you understand. Too many of them have warned me about a sinister "dark woman" who has never yet showed up, and too few of them could answer such simple questions as who took away a certain book and never returned it, and how many pennies was I holding in my right hand.

However, the long arm of coincidence—or something—does reach out once in a while into the future and pulls back a curious fragment of prophecy, which, in the light of after events, can be looked back upon with wonder.

All of which means that just before my husband and I went to the West Indies on a search for story and photographic material, a cousin of mine, supposedly very "psychic," told my fortune. Most of her predictions never came true. But she did say, "You are going to some place that has a name with a sibilant sound."

"St. Thomas?" I asked, stressing the sound of the "s." She shook her head.

"No, that isn't it. It's a very strange place, where few people go, and it's surrounded by water. If you don't get away from there in two hours, you'll have to stay there for quite a while."

The last part of the prediction sounded rather ominous; it brought a mental picture of an epidemic that might result in quarantine, or even suggested a shipwreck on a lonely island.

But the "strange place" turned out to be real; also extremely pleasant. It was Saba, (pronounced Say-bah) a tiny island in the West Indies where tourist ships never go. It was, naturally, "surrounded by water"; and the little Dutch



CLOUD-CAPPED SABA RISES FROM THE CARIBBEAN'S BLUE

freighter that calls there on its way from St. Thomas down to Curaçao, lies there at anchor for two hours or so, then continues southward. If you don't go with it, you remain on the island until its return, two weeks later!

Somehow it seems quite logical for Saba to have gotten into a fortune teller's magic cauldron. For that strange little dot in the

Caribbean Sea, so close to civilization yet so remote from it, is a real enigma. If I had the naming of it, I should call it "The Isle of Wby."

Why was it called "Saba," for instance? It is in the same group discovered by Columbus on his third voyage of discovery in 1497. All around it are the other islands to which he gave saintly names, "St. Martin," "St. Eustacius," "St. Christopher."

He couldn't have missed seeing it, for it rises sheerly from the sea, almost three thousand feet, in a great volcanic cone. If he did christen it Saba, was it in honor of the ancient land of Sheba, which is called by the Latin races "Saba"? In that case, why is it pronounced with a long "a" instead of the soft one which Latin names always have?

This will give an idea of the baffling wall one runs up against when trying to find out something about the history of this mysterious little ex-volcano. Because, believe it or not, there is no single legend or tradition which gives any clue as to when the island was first settled, by whom, or why!

I dug frantically, like a terrier for a bone, through volumes of West Indies lore; I tunneled through many translations of Dutch history, (Saba belongs to Holland), and had access to all the official documents concerning it in the possession of the resident Dutch governor. I hopefully questioned

AT RIGHT: LOOKING OUT OVER THE TOWN OF LEVE-ROCK, FAMILIARLY CALLED "THE BOTTOM" SINCE, IN SPITE OF ITS ELEVATION, IT LIES IN THE CRATER OF AN ANCIENT VOLCANO. THE STEEP PEAK AT THE LEFT IS CALLED "PARIS"—BUT NO ONE KNOWS WHY

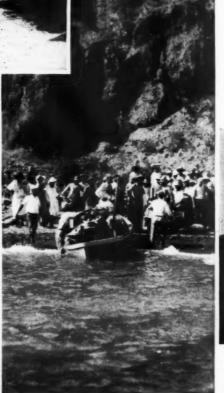


BELOW: SABA'S ONLY LAND-ING BEACH AT THE FOOT OF TOWERING ROCKS. VESSELS AN-CHOR OUT FROM SHORE, WHILE PASSENGERS AND CARGO MAKE THE ROUGH TRIP BY ROWBOAT

names suggest anything to you? It gave me a picture of a crew of sixteenth century mariners or buccaneers, either ship-wrecked or marooned on this seemingly desolate speck of

of the island was a tropical paradise, and that it could be defended from attack by only

So far, the picture is logical. But—where did their women come from? And their slaves? And if they were English, under what circumstances did Holland take over the island? And why would there not be some legend or tradition filter-



without a change on either side. Does the small number of

land in the Caribbean Sea; of their discovery that the interior a handful of men.



SEATED ON THE DOORSTEP IN THE SUN A YOUNG WOMAN AND A LITTLE GIRL DO EXQUISITELY FINE EMBROIDERY CALLED "SPANISH WORK"



ALL FREIGHT AND BAGGAGE THAT COMES TO SABA IS CARRIED UP THE STEEP TRAILS FROM THE BEACH BY NATIVE "HEADERS"

dozens of old people who had been born on the little island. I asked about inherited diaries, or letters. The result was an absolute blank.

In spite of the great and obvious question as to how people ever came to this steep, almost inaccessible rock in the first place, who they were, and why they decided to make their homes there, the answer is simply—no one knows.

There is one curious, outstanding fact that must be a link with that lost past, if you but knew how to use it. There are some eighteen hundred inhabitants on Saba, about two thirds of them white. But among the eighteen hundred people, both black and white, are only some fifteen surnames! And they are all good, solid English or Scotch names, such as Simmons, Collins, Leverock, Johnson, Lindsay. Many a husband and wife can trace their ancestry back through several generations

Photographs by JOHN BRANSBY

ing down through the centuries that would keep alive the memory of those first doughty

Holland has owned Saba since the sixteen hundreds, yet English is the language of the people. Dutch is spoken only by the governor and a few officials. It is taught in the schools -as an elective subject. Most of the children never learn it.

I shall never forget the day we first saw Saba from the deck of the Atlas, the trim little Dutch freighter which we had boarded at St. Thomas. The island was obviously the very top of a partially submerged volcano-sullen

brown, stark, inaccessible looking, and capped with thick white clouds. The captain told us that he had never seen the summit. It was always shrouded thus in a heavy, nebulous mantle. The circumference of the island is about thirteen miles, he said, and it is no more than five miles across at its greatest width.

As we came nearer, it seemed as if we were approaching a mammoth natural fortress of stone. For the tawny cliffs rose perpendicularly from the sea, without a hint of greenery or human life. The captain pointed out a zigzag line of white that appeared to have been scratched on the cliffs with a giant's finger nail.

'The Ladder'," he said.

LOOKING DOWN ON SABA'S TINY BEACH ON "BOAT DAY"—A BIG EVENT IN THE DAILY MONOTONY OF LIFE AMONG THE ISLANDERS





THE AUTHOR ENJOYS A RIDE UP THE STEEP-STEPPED WAY KNOWN AS "THE LADDER," IN A ROCKING CHAIR LASHED FAST TO POLES

"That's one of the two ways of getting up to 'The Bottom.'

We looked at him in bewilderment.

"Up to the bottom?" I echoed.

He laughed.

'That's right. The town's real name is Leverock, but it is in the crater of the extinct volcano, so it is simply known as

—The Bottom. You go up a thousand feet to get therealmost straight up.

I could well believe it. Tipping our heads back to follow the ascent of that incredible flight of steps called The Ladder, I wondered how on earth anyone managed to carry anything up to the summit.

Then we saw, at the very top, some tiny red and white

specks. They were houses, so reduced in size that they looked like habitations for dolls.

"How did people ever get lumber up these cliffs?" I asked.

"You'll see," the captain promised. There was no adequate anchorage near The Ladder. The Atlas steamed around to the other side of the island, where, at the foot of the straight-rising walls, was a slight indentation of beach. It looked about as big as a pocket handkerchief. Through a narrow rift in the rocky façade, we could see a trail, composed mostly of stone steps. That, said the captain, was called "The Fort Way," and was the one mostly used for carrying cargo up to The Bottom, and the other settlements beyond.

The tiny beach was crowded with people, waiting for what must be the big event in their lives, the arrival of the only steamship connecting them with the outside world. At one side, on a small hill, was the customs house, and above it flew the beautiful flag of Holland, with its three broad stripes of red, white, and blue.



BACK ON "THE DEAR OLD ROCK" TO DREAM ABOUT DAYS AT SEA

Our little vessel came to anchor just off a mass of jagged, black lava rocks. Certainly the island had a most forbidding appearance. Its whole grim aspect seemed to say to the outsider, "Keep away! We want no intruders here!"

And yet, with the coming of small but sturdy rowboats, loaded with natives both black and white, we realized that the people themselves were not inhospitable. They all greeted us cordially, in a soft, rather strange English, and all of them were delighted when we said we were going to stay on the island for at least two weeks, and perhaps even longer.

"Welcome to 'The Rock,' ' they said. That is the pet name Saba Islanders call their grim fortress home.

The black natives had kindly, very African faces, and there seemed to be no mixture of white blood, so prevalent in the other West Indies islands. The white people were lean, blue-eyed, apparently of English or Scotch ancestry. They were all neatly dressed, very clean, and their clothes were sufficiently modern in style.

One of the first men to come aboard was a tall, good-looking Negro house servant. "The governor's compliments," he told the captain with grave formality, "he asks the pleasure of your company for dinner—and could you spare him some ice?"

The captain said he would be delighted. We learned then that Saba is completely iceless. It is only when the little steamship comes that a big block of frozen water is carried up The Fort Way to Government House.

We got into a rowboat, commanded by one of the elderly, blue-eyed men, and with two black boys at the oars. The sea was exceptionally calm that day. But even so, there was a white, roaring surf pounding against the scrap of black, volcanic beach. We had to wait until the boat ahead of us was rushed through the foaming breakers. Then we, too, plunged forward, carried by frothing, hissing waves, and after a breathless instant were deposited safe and dry on the crowded shore.

There seemed to be an equal number of black natives and white people in the small space. Men, women, children, all regarded us curiously, but smilingly. Their English was soft, rather plaintive sounding. They called me "Mistress," but addressed my husband with the Dutch equivalent of

"Sir"—"Mynheer."
All around us
was a clutter of
bales and boxes,
fish traps, and boats.
Two or three small

donkeys were being loaded with cargo from the Atlas. But most of the freight and baggage was being put atop the heads of Negroes, who went briskly up the stone steps, and out of sight.

These men are called "headers"; and although none of them seemed excessively tall or muscular, yet it is apparent that long years of this particularly gruelling type of work has given them neck muscles of almost unbelievable strength. Negroes from the other islands sometimes come to Saba, we were told, to try to do the same kind of work. But none of them remain very long. Only the dark Saba Islanders are able to cope with the stern necessities of The Rock.

While we were arranging for our own baggage to be taken up, we saw sacks of cement go bobbing past us, carried nonchalantly on the heads of 'teen-age boys; there were great cases of canned goods and Holland biscuits; lengths of lumber, kegs of nails, bales of cotton cloth. We were told that there is one church organ on the island, and one piano—both instruments having been hauled up that incredible trail by man power!

We ourselves paused to rest many times as we started the steep ascent. Not only was the grade very trying, but the tropical sun beat down on the towering walls of the cliff, and turned The Fort Way into a veritable stone furnace.

As we stopped, panting, one of the "headers" we had engaged swung jauntily past us. He was an elderly Negro, and walked with a cane. But on his head he carried one of our big suit-case trunks, plus two other bags on top of that —and he wasn't even perspiring!

WELL, eventually, we reached what we had climbed so far and so steeply to find—The Bottom! And, for the first time, we understood why anyone would want to live on The Rock.

Gone was the barren aspect of the outer cliffs. Here, in what had once been a huge volcanic crater, was a little enclosed world of tropical greenery, coolness, and lush beauty. A grateful breeze took away the oppressive heat of The Fort Way.

There were trees, vines, flowers. There were fields of grain, and gardens where healthy-looking vegetables were growing. We were on the outskirts of a small, cheery village that looked as if it belonged in a picture book. The streets were cobblestoned, the one-storied houses were painted white, with red roofs, and each had a low wall of whitewashed stones.

On one side towered a great peak, shaped like a gigantic thumb; on the other, the summit of the mountain we had

seen from the Atlas. Clouds drifted mysteriously about its dark forehead.

We could see, too, why The Bottom was not inappropriately named. For the steep trail went on, up another and farther slope, and there were houses all along on the high ridge.

News of our coming had preceded us—perhaps with the block of ice. For the governor and his wife sent a servant to meet us and ask us to stop for a cooling lime drink.

Government House was considerably larger than any of the others. It was a comfortable, two-storied building with shady porches (Continued on page 31)





THE LITTLE NEGRO MAID AT THE GUEST HOUSE. AT LEFT: CURFEW RINGS EARLY IN SABA. NO SOONER ARE LANTERNS LIT, THAN THE LAMPLIGHTER HAS TO MAKE HIS ROUNDS AND TAKE THEM DOWN AGAIN

LLEN WAKEFIELD'S horseshoe rose high into the air, spun dizzily, landed wide of the iron stake, and rolled another ten feet toward her parked roadster before Tank Beegle could stop it with a kick of his large

"For you," gibed the boy, "that's practically a

ringer!"

Without a word, Ellen tossed her second shoe. Like the first, it spun wildly out of control and missed the six-foot box of clay in which the stake was set.

"How can we be so terrible?" she demanded of

Hedda Vaughn.

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"That," put in Tank, "is what I've been asking you both for the past hour!

His arm swinging forward with an easy motion, the boy tossed a shoe toward the stake beside the two girls. It clanked on the iron pipe and stopped an inch away. The second shoe landed nearly as close.

That's how the experts do it!" declared Tank, his round face beaming. "Now

watch Bilge.

Bilge Wyeth's lanky body bent at knees and waist, and, when his arm came up, a horseshoe arched through the air to land an inch from Tank's. Bilge's second toss rested practically against the stake.

That's accuracy for you,

Eagle-Eye!"

Shaking her brown head determinedly, Ellen picked up two shoes, and tossed again. This time the irons hurtled end-over-end and bounded so erratically that Tank Beegle leaped into the air to save his shins.

"Bah!" cried Ellen in disgust. "I give up trying to throw these things.

It's just useless." Tank nodded sagely, to Ellen's annoyance. "That's what I've been advising all along!" Hedda Vaughn's blue eyes flashed fire. "I don't think you two are much good, ther!" she stated bluntly. "Why don't you either!" she stated bluntly.

ever get ringers? They're what require skill." Bilge grinned in his own maddening fashion.



"WE FOUR OLD-TIMERS," ANNOUNCED EZRA, "HAVE DE-CIDED TO DONATE A TROPHY FOR THE MOST RINGERS

A RINGER for ELLEN

Ellen Wakefield, in a new adventure, finds out that horse shoes really can bring luck

> ByCHARLES **GEOFFREY** MULLER

"We're not brilliantjust dependable.'

"Just good enough," added Tank, "to beat a couple of women."

Ellen snorted.

'Just for that, I'll learn enough about pitching horseshoes to give you two lessons!"

"You and who else?" jeered Tank.

"And-me!" cried Hedda, clambering into the parked roadster as Ellen used the whirr of the car's starter to drown out two raucous male laughs.

"Where are we going now?" asked Hedda, when the car was off the school

"To have a talk with Ezra Patch.

Hedda shook her blond head slowly from side to

"How in the name of goodness will talking with the secretary of the Milbrook Historical Society teach us to throw horseshoes?

Until this moment, pitching horseshoes had been utterly unimportant in the lives of Ellen Wakefield and Hedda Vaughn. But Tank Beegle and the "Annual Spring Games" of nual Spring Games Milbrook High School had changed all that. "Spring Games" was a miniature carnival that helped students, parents, friends, and townspeople to while away one long Saturday afternoon each year while contributing to the school's athletic fund.

In charge of the games, to be held in the gymnasium as usual, Tank had made the most of his authority. Without asking Ellen if she would take the job, he had given her instructions to handle the

girls' activities-make up committees and plan booths with such games as bingo, a glorified form of lotto so popular everywhere.

Ellen did not mind Tank's officiousness. She was glad to help. But two weeks before the games, Tank announced that he planned to add outdoor horseshoe pitching to the list of attractions. At twenty-five cents for four players, he figured to make considerable money for the track and baseball teams. Then-"so you can talk the game up among the girls"-Tank condescended to show Ellen how to play.

"Will you please tell me," persisted Hedda as Ellen stopped the roadster before the old Colonial mansion that housed the records of the Milbrook Historical Society, 'what good Ezra Patch can do us?'

"Ezra and three old cronies spent every Sunday this winter at the Yacht Club grounds pitching horseshoes," said Ellen, opening the door on her side of the car. "He ought to know some good tricks!"

Hedda's eyes lighted. "Lead on!" she cried.

A hank of white hair hanging down over his eyes, the secretary of the Historical Society was poring over an enormous tome as the girls walked up to his battered desk. When Ezra Patch did not look up, Ellen winked at Hedda, "Does anybody here know anything about horseshoes?"

she asked loudly.

The white head lifted, and an amused smile crept over

the old man's lips. "You're talking to the party you want," he told her.

Will he show two distressed women how to toss ringers?" asked Ellen.

Rising slowly, Ezra Patch brushed the lock of white hair out of his eyes, took off his coat, hung it over the back of his chair, and hitched up his baggy trousers.

As surprised as Hedda at this performance, Ellen followed the old man through a door and into the yard behind the building. Hidden from the road by a high hedge was a homemade horseshoe pitching pit.

Ezra Patch's eyes were twinkling.

'A few of us relax at lunch when the weather's good," he said.

'And when it's bad?" asked Ellen.

"We relax just the same," he admitted. Picking up four iron horseshoes, the old man faced the

"You want to learn how to pitch ringers so you can beat

a couple of smart aleck boys, is that it?' Ellen's amazement equalled Hedda's. "How did you guess what we-Ezra Patch's smile was knowing.

"I keep track of current history, too," he chuckled. Then, pacing off thirty feet, he said, "Women's rules say you throw from here."

Hedda's voice rose high.

'No wonder we couldn't hit the stake! Those two clowns were making us throw forty feet!'

For half an hour the old man told his pupils how to hold the two-pound iron shoes and watched them toss.

That's the idea!" he called encouragingly as one of Ellen's throws carried in a graceful arc. "Making the shoe turn just one-and-a-quarter times brings the open end to the stake so it can go on for a ringer every time.

"But I haven't got any ringers yet!" "I never got but two ringers in my life," confessed Ezra Patch with another chuckle. "Us old dogs learned back in the days when you pitched by guess and by gum. We hit the stake a lot, but we make the shoes spin around so fast that it seems like the open end never gets there first!'

Then Tank and Bilge are pitching wrong when they make the shoes spin around so much?

"That's right," agreed Ezra. "They've been down to the Club a lot, watching my crowd play. And-and I guess they don't know that we toss the old-fashioned

Ellen laughed.

"Can you teach us to throw well enough in two weeks to get ringers now and then?

The old man pushed the unruly hair off his forehead.

'Maybe I can-if you've got as good an eye as I think you have.

Ellen casually tossed a shoe toward the With a loud clang, it opposite stake. circled the pipe.

"Old Eagle-Eye herself!" shouted Hedda exuberantly.

Every noon for two weeks, Ellen Wake-



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field and Hedda Vaughn reported at the Milbrook Historical Society horseshoe pit. Often it was difficult to slip away without arousing suspicion at school, but they managed. For a half hour each day they practiced under the careful coaching of Ezra Patch and his eager friends, with increasing success.

ELLEN'S sharp eyes were a great advantage, and her arm and fingers worked in smooth harmony with her aim. When she tossed the heavy shoes, she combined grace with And at the end of two-weeks drill, she could be almost certain of three or four ringers in a game of fifty points. Hedda, too, had progressed. Not quite so ac-

curate as Ellen, she consistently landed close to the stake. Ezra Patch was delighted. So were his enthusiastic cronies. "We four old-timers," said the secretary, the day before the games, "have decided to donate a trophy for the man or woman who throws the most ringers in a single game. We're counting on you to win it, Miss Ellen."

Tank Beegle had other ideas. An hour before Milbrook's

gymnasium was thrown open to the public on Saturday, his round face glowed as he pointed to a tall silver cup. "It's between Bilge and me who

gets that," he told Ellen flatly.

"Some of the graybeards around town are supposed to be pretty good. Won't they have a chance?"

"They still think they're playing quoits!" scoffed Tank.

"Oh, I see," said Ellen quietly, with a sidelong glance at Hedda. "You wouldn't mind if I slipped away from my bingo booth this afternoon to play one game? I'd like to see if I could throw a ringer.

Bilge Wyeth gestured grandly. "Of course we wouldn't mind. Let Hedda take a try, too. Then maybe you'll appreciate the fine points of our game.

Ellen looked at Tank.

"I feel like going to the 'Games Dance' to-night," she began. "If

"I'm going dutch," said Tank hur-edly. "I—"

"—if you think you're such great horseshoe tossers," finished Ellen, "why Hedda and I will play you to see who buys the tickets.

"That's a deal!" cried Tank, as if fearful Ellen would change her mind. We'll play late this afternoon!"

Ellen pretended not to notice the broad wink that passed between the boys as they threw open the gymnasium doors to start Milbrook's Annual Spring Games.

The carnival was a huge success. Students and townspeople turned out in full force, filled the huge athletic hall, and kept all the game booths busy every minute of the afternoon. Time flew. And at the bingo counter, Ellen was wearily calling numbers from a box held by Hedda when Tank Beegle exultantly made his way through the press of men and women that included Ezra Patch and his cronies.

"Just wanted to tell you, Eagle-Eye," Tank called, "that I hold high ringer score. Just got four!"

That's fine," said Ellen with unusual sweetness. "Call out these numbers for me, will you, Tank, while I try to get even one ringer?"

Anything to make you happy!" Tank was expansive, so was Bilge. "I'm second with three ringers," he told So was Bilge. Hedda, as she followed Ellen outside.

Fifteen minutes later, the girls returned to the bingo booth. Quietly they took their places behind the counter where Ezra Patch and his friends still were playing.
"How'd you make out?" asked Tank Beegle carelessly.

Watching the smile on Ezra Patch's face, Ellen answered without looking at the boy.

"I only got four. Hedda got three."
"What!" Tank's shout filled the gymnasium.

"Not very good, was it?

Tank threw up his hands and, pushing hurriedly through the crowd with Bilge at his heels, he made for the horseshoe pit. Two minutes later he was back. (Continued on page 43)



TANK AND BILGE MADE DERISIVE COMMENTS FROM BEHIND THE STAKE TO ANNOY ELLEN



WHAT KIND of GIRLS

Illustrated PELAGIE DOANE

'M NOT too sure that anyone knows exactly what kind of girls boys like-except the boys themselves, and even they differ among themselves. But if a father listens to his sons (I have three of my own, and they have friends whom they bring home for week-ends from college), he ought to learn something. And if a doctor who has boys and girls for his patients listens to their confidences and answers their questions (and that's a large part of my practice, by the way), he has a chance to learn more. Then, too, it isn't so terribly long ago that I knew better than anyone

else in the world what kind of girls one particular boy liked best of all!

First, I am going to tell you that there is no girl on the face of the earth who can hope to please all kinds of boys. Maybe you don't believe that. Well, until you make up your mind that it's true, you are going to let yourself in for a lot of disappointment and wasted effort -for it just can't be done. Old Mother Nature probably arranged for that, so as to give the less at-

tractive girls a chance.

You see, just as soon as you realize this, you are going to do something that will make you much more attractive. You are going to begin to study others, instead of concentrating your attention upon yourself. As one of the things that every one, whether boy or man, winner or dub, male or female, likes best in the world is to be noticed and considered and thought about, so, of course, the girl who thinks about other folks, instead of about herself, is going to be more popular right away.

But what is there about the knowledge that you can't make all kinds of boys like you, that will make you study them? Just this; the moment you realize that you can't please every kind of boy, you will stop wasting your time on those who won't like you anyway, and will begin to wonder what kind of boys are likely to be at-tracted to you. "What kind of person is this?" you will ask yourself when you meet a new boy.
"Is he the sort of boy who likes

the sort of girl I am? Have we anything in common?" And even more important, "Am I going to like *bim?* Are we likely to be congenial?" When you do this, you have lifted yourself out of the class of those who welcome the attentions of any boy, and have begun to make yourself a little bit difficult to please. And, though you may not see why, boys love that.

Of course, there are boys who don't want girls to be selective. But I'm taking it for granted that you don't care to get attention that comes as cheaply as that. And the girls who do, often find that they lose their chances of

interesting a better type of boy.

I said, a minute ago, that a girl should study the boys she meets, decide whether they are the kind she can be attractive to (and wants to be!) and then "concentrate." You may think, from this, that I am trying to persuade you girls to be the ones to choose, instead of the ones to be chosen! Well, maybe something of that sort is lurking in the back of my head.

Boys, you know, like to be the ones to do the hunting,

rather than to be the ones who are hunted. You girls would know it instinctively, if you'd only stop and think about it. And hunting in order to be any fun at all, has to be just a little bit difficult, with at least a slight element of uncertainty about it.

The girl who does not exercise some choice herself, but throws herself at the head of any boy who comes along, might cause this thought to pop uncomfortably into a masculine mind: "Wait a minute! Is it possible that instead of being the hunter, I'm the game?" And then, of course,

it's all off!

Well, you may say, what kind of a boy can I be at-tractive to? Now if you are such a whiz that, the minute you come into a room, the boys make a dash for you, and you just never have a minute to yourself because they simply will not let you alone-why, then, you'd better stop reading this article right now. I've seen girls of that sort; but there are not enough of them around to make it necessary for us to give much thought to them. But if you're a pretty average sort of girl, with an average capacity for having a good time and liking people and enjoying yourself when the chance comes along, then I believe I can tell you something about the kind of boy



LET HIM SEE YOU APPRECIATE HIS TREAT

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Drawing on his intimate knowledge of boys and girls, a well-known doctor and writer discusses the fascinating subject of popularity, and gives some helpful advice

By FRANK HOWARD RICHARDSON



you can be attractive to, if you really want him to like you. This fellow is good in some forms of athletics, and not so good in others. He's bright in some of his school subjects, and pretty dumb in others. He likes to talk about himself; in fact some people think he's "stuck on himself," to use an expression that I hope you don't! But way down deep inside of him he has a sneaking notion that he is a terrible dub about lots of things, and that if he doesn't put up a big front, someone will show him up. (If you know all this, it will help a lot in doing justice to his good points, as well as in overlooking some of his less pleasant ones).

HIS mother persuades him to dress up for parties; but when you see him off guard, he's sometimes pretty untidy, and his hands aren't always clean, or his nails, either. He thinks he has quite a line with girls; yet, when he is out with you alone, he is quite likely to get tongue-tied, and leave you to do all the talking. Woe to you, though, if you do—for that will mean that he has to do all the listening. And that, for most boys, is rank poison!

It was at a high school dance that you first saw him, and

you thought he was simply wonderful; you could hardly wait for some one to introduce him to you. But when you got to know him better, and he began to act natural, you saw he wasn't so wonderful, after all. And yet you can't help liking him, in spite of his faults; and when he can forget himself, he's lots of fun.

"Why," I think I hear you say, "that description fits almost every boy I know, that I really like. It cuts out only the snobs, and the boasters, and the kind of boy that no

girl would like to have around!"

Of course it does. And that's the kind of boy you can be attractive to, if you just use the common sense you were born with. You inherited it from one of your great-grand-mothers, who, from all accounts, must have been a right pretty girl when a young fellow named Adam first got interested in her. She certainly was the kind of girl that that boy liked.

Now, what does this average boy, who fits the description we've just been considering, like in the girls he goes around with? And, quite as important, if not more so, what are the things he particularly dislikes? If we (Continued on page 50)



HAMBURGER SEES IT

The "Squibnocket Bunch" get together for a house party, and Meg Merriam is unexpectedly thrust into the rôle of heroine

*EG MERRIAM looked up from her egg cup. "Isn't this a grand morning? I'm so glad it's cleared off." Her eyes were on the frothing red of a maple tree outside the open window of the dining room. A blue jay lighted among the maple branches, bringing brighter sunshine on his wings. "Lou-i-sa!" he cried, rising on his toes

Yes, but it was fun to go to the shindig last evening in that cloudburst," Meg's sister, Phyl, reminded her, buttering "I got soaked just getting out of the car, though I ran like sixty to the door. A thing like that is jolly when

everybody's in the same boat."
"'Boat' is good," Red Cochran put in. "That's what we needed." He slipped a morsel of bacon to Casey, Sandy Collins's Boston terrier, who was moving about under the table.

Nine people sat around the breakfast table in the Collins home, in the little town of Green Village. Miss Abigail Lane, the grey-haired cousin who had mothered Sandy and his little sisters since their mother's death some years before, presided over the coffee urn, with the six-year-old twins, "Skeet" and "Wiggle," on either side of her; next Wiggle sat John Bacon, older than the rest, a sophomore at Harvard; then Phyllis Merriam; and, between Phyl and her sister Meg, Sandy, their host. Red Cochran, with his flaming hair, had been placed beside dark and dainty Sally Burke. The occasion was a memorable one, a house party at Sandy's home for the group of friends who called themselves the "Squibnocket Bunch," because their friendship, now so closely cemented, had begun one summer on Squibnocket Island. True, there was not room in the Collins house to accommodate so large a party, but that difficulty had been easily met, as the boys were sleeping in a room finished off above the

There were two more guests yet to come; Sue Kingsley could not leave her business office in New York before one o'clock on Saturday, and Ace Corbett had been held up in the city by an engagement. The two were expected on the train which was due in Green Village at six o'clock that

evening. Sandy's other guests had arrived the day before, Friday, in time for an evening of amateur theatricals and dancing at the Village Hall; and for this morning, a horseback ride was planned through the lacy spring woods-which explained the sweaters and windbreakers above the breakfast table, and the six pairs of boots clustered underneath. A deluge of rain had lashed the countryside all week, streams were swollen, and, in the lower lying districts, there was danger of floods. For days, with his long-anticipated house party in mind, Sandy had been watching the clouds pessimistically, but now the wind had changed and the storm was over.

"Were you boys comfortable in the garage last night? How were your cots?" inquired Miss Abigail, one hand manipulating the sugar tongs, the other holding down Skeet, the livelier of the twins, on whose head a blue bow was fairly palpitating with excitement over the party.

"I don't know whether my cot was comfortable or not, Miss Abbie," John Bacon told her. "I didn't stay awake long enough to find out."

"What's that booming sound?" Phyllis asked suddenly. "I heard it in the night. Sort of a roaring and rattling. Sandy laughed. "That's Old Man River."

Determined to get a word in, Skeet squirmed in her chair. That isn't Old Man River, Mister Sandy," she scorned him. "That's Puddingstone Creek."

"Cousin Abbie's afraid of it," Wiggle added shyly.
"Not much afraid," Cousin Abbie smiled. "We're on high ground, and the creek's some distance away. It's a quiet stream until the spring rains come, but they change it into a raging torrent. This year I'm a little nervous because it seems higher and louder than usual. It brings



THROUGH by MARY AVERY GLEN

down masses of stones. That's the rattling you hear." Sandy pushed back his chair. "Come on, Red, if you're through. Let's go down to the riding stable and bring up the chargers. 'Scuse us, Cousin Abbie." The two boys left the dining room, and the outer door closed behind them.

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Glancing around the table, Miss Abigail rose, and the guests loitered out onto the front porch. The roaring of the creek was more insistent there than in the house.

John leaned against a pillar and, with cupped hands, lighted his pipe. "Old Man River sure is making a racket," he said, flicking out his match.

"I want to see it before we go home," Meg declared, seating herself on the porch step.

'Maybe there'll be a flood and you'll see more of it than you like." Sally was looking into the little mirror in her compact.

Presently Sandy and Red trotted into sight, bringing what Sandy referred to lightly as "the string." They presented an imposing appearance, each leading two extra horses. Leather creaked and bits clinked as they drew up in the driveway before the house.

John removed his pipe from his mouth and laid it on the



"Whew! This must have cost you a

"Didn't cost me a cent!" cried Sandy gaily. "Mr. Bogardus at the stable's a good friend of mine. exercise his plugs for him just for the fun of riding 'em. So, last week, when I started to dicker for this string, he said I could have 'em for nothing. How's that for graft?" Flinging a leg over his horse's back, he swung off. "Tell you one thing, though. I was scared pink this morning for fear he might renege, because the roads are slippery

John's eyes traveled to the wet country road beyond the stretch of lawn. "There is a lot of mud," he observed

"It's all right," Sandy reassured him. "We're always careful. I didn't tell the Governor anything about our riding, though," he added. "He might have gone hay-

Sally Burke fussed with the folds of a becoming red scarf. "I can't wait to get started," she declared. But Sally was pretending enthusiasm for, to her, a horseback ride was not a pleasure, but an ordeal. She did not understand animals, and it did not take any horse long to discover that she was afraid of him.

In their summers together at Squibnocket Island the boys and girls had all done some riding, and among

Sandy's array of steeds there was a choice for taste. Some of the horses were tall, some short. Some were gentle, others spirited, and one, "Bill Bailey," chafed restively on the bit and carried his head high and a little to one side. Sandy had reserved Bill Bailey for his own.

Down at the end of the line, peering meekly out of the corners of his eyes, stood a funny-looking horse. His mane and tail and the fetlocks around his clumsy hoofs were white. His shaggy coat was white, too, and covered with small light-gray flecks. The saddle rested in so deep a hollow in his sway back that it was an invitation to a nervous rider.

GRINNING, Sandy waved a hand toward this dis-reputable animal. "Ladies and gentlemen, meet 'Hamburger.' I ransacked the stable for a high-stepper for Sally, and Hamburger here has outshone my brightest hopes." bowed with mock deference. "Miss Burke!"

Slim figure exquisitely set off by smart riding clothes, Sally did not take offense at Sandy's teasing. She accepted Hamburger with the promptitude of inner thankfulness. "He's funny, but I don't care," she said, tossing her black "Of course I'll ride him if nobody else curls defensively. wants to. I think he's much nicer than your old Bill Bailey. I hate a horse that shakes his head and carries on."

Meg was already up and cantering down the drive, and Sandy joined her. Red came next, escorting Phyl; and John, astride a tall brown horse with a white face, followed with Sally. Even on Hamburger, Sally's seat was precarious.

Sandy soon turned off the road, leading the way into a path through the woods. The morning was delicious, glistening with sun, and sharply cool enough to whip up bright color in their faces. Stretching ahead the trees shimmered with a veil of red and purple and lemon-green catkins. Crows floated above them, aimlessly, like pieces of black-ened paper, and once they passed a bog dotted with fresh lettuce-green clumps of skunks' cabbage. Underhoof the mud was bad, but they avoided most of it by riding on the

mossy leaf mold at the side of

the path. John rode behind Sally, as the trail was narrow, but, occasionally, forging up, he took Hamburger by the bridle and urged him a bit, to keep the others at least in sight. Hamburger re-fused to stir himself unduly, however, and once they lost touch with the party entirely, but found them waiting on the far side of a grade crossing of the railroad, where the wood path emerged into the open.

Sandy pointed with his crop. "Mind the crossing, Jock! It's none too good."

It was indeed a dangerous spot. A muddy incline led down to a double track, and up again on the other side. In places the wooden planks of the crossing were rotted and broken, leaving the rails exposed.

With a word of caution, "Sit

tight, Sally!" John laid a steady-ing hand on Hamburger's rein and guided him down. His own horse's front hoofs were on the crossing when Hamburger, hanging back, skidded in the mud. He floundered to regain his footing, and John sensed what was coming. He dragged Sally bodily out of the saddle as the old fellow crashed to his knees and slid out on the tracks. His stumbling momentum carried him almost across, where he rolled over on his side and lay on the track, helpless and heaving.

Sally was unhurt, but beside herself with fright as John set her on her feet. She screamed hysterically, and Red and Sandy, handing over their horses to Phyl and Meg, rushed down the bank. Hearing Sally's scream, Hamburger started to kick, and, by kicking, turned the incident into a really serious accident. Thrusting out an ungainly hind leg, he hooked one of the iron calks at the heel of his shoe under a rail of the track.

Not realizing the extent of the trouble, Sandy reached for the old horse's bridle and, snapping his riding crop close to Hamburger's ear, shouted compellingly, "Whisht now! Hamburger's ear, shouted compellingly,

"Hold on, Sandy," John protested. "His foot's fast.

You'll have a broken leg.'

At that, the three boys went into an anxious huddle over the prostrate and now motionless body of the horse. To all appearances the old fellow had given up. Sandy looked bleak. He was wondering what Mr. Bogardus and the "Governor" would say if Hamburger should break a leg and have to be shot.

John found a rusty spike. While Sandy sat on the horse's head and Red manipulated the trapped leg, he tried to pry the iron knob out from under the rail.

Twisting his head over his shoulder, Red looked behind him to where the track curved sharply out of sight around the slope of the cut. "This is a live railroad, I suppose,

Sandy? When's your next train?"

But Sandy was busy. "For Pete's sake, don't bother about trains! There isn't any in the morning. We only have three a day.

With bent head John knelt at his frustrating task. "If I could spring the thing back a sixteenth of an inch-" he muttered.

Grouped on the bank, the girls watched over the other horses. Phyl had tied her own gentle beast to a fence, and was using every blandishment to keep Bill Bailey from rear-

ing. She and Meg stood speechless, native tact telling them that, at so tense a moment, silence was golden. But not so Sally. Gingerly holding John's horse she launched into a series of comments. "Ooh! I can't look at it," she cried, turning away her head. "Suppose a train should come along now!"

Without doubt it was Sally's words which drew Sandy's glance to his wrist watch. He started, and raised a frightened face. "For the love of Mike, Jock, I've made a mistake! I didn't dream it was so late. The noon flyer from New York's due in five minutes!"

"My word, Sandy!" John leaped to his feet. "If that's so, we'll have to flag it! Where's your red scarf, Sally?"

Meg, seizing the scarf and thrusting on Phyl and Sally the two horses she had been holding, ran down to the boys. "I'll flag



CARRYING THE RED SCARF, MEG RAN AT FULL TILT ALONG THE RAILROAD TIES

the train while you work on Hamburger!"

But John reached for the scarf. "Give it to me. You

couldn't do it, Meg. It's no joke to stop an express train."
"She can do it, Jock," Red remonstrated. "All anyone can do is to wave a red flag. We need you here. If Hamburger rolls over, he'll crack up, sure as shooting. Go on, Meg!"

(Continued on page 47)



"COME ON!" BETTY CRIED EXCITEDLY. "HURRY UP! WE'RE WANTED AT MRS. SIMPSON'S"

THE HURRY-UP MYSTERY

UR Detective Club meets every Thursday afternoon, and, when we have no mystery to solve, we read a good detective mystery story, each reading a chapter in turn.

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This Thursday afternoon we were to meet at Betty Bliss's home. Betty is the one who suggested having a Detective Club in the first place, so, of course, she is Superintendent—which means chief detective—and the rest of us are only Inspectors.

We have school Thursday and we have to carry home an armful of books for homework, so before the Detective Club meeting each of us left our books at home. Betty had gone straight home, and the rest of us picked each other up on the way to her house.

There were four of us on the way to Betty's, Dot Carver was one, and there were Dick Prince and Art Dane—we had let them join the Detective Club even if they were boys—and I made the last of the four. I'm Madge Turner. So we walked along, not hurrying much and talking about the mystery story we were going to read. We were in front of Betty's house, and just about to enter the yard, when the door swung open and Betty dashed out, no hat on her head. She came down the three porch steps in one jump, and did not stop when she came to us.

The Detective Club once again relies on Betty Bliss's quick eye for a solution

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

"Come on!" she cried excitedly. "Hurry up! We're wanted. Mrs. Simpson's—"

That was all I caught of what she was saying for she went running down the street as fast as she could run. For just an instant we stood like a lot of sillies, looking after her, and then Dick Prince grabbed my hand and ran, and Madge and Art Dane followed us. By that time Betty was half a block ahead of us—she can run.

"Hurry up," Dick Prince shouted at me. "Show some speed, can't you?" I was doing the best I could and my legs were simply flying like windmills, but Dick was dragging me as if I was a trailer tied on behind him.

Betty went around the first corner, and Art and Dot caught up with us.

"Run!" Art urged. "Hurry up! It must be murder or something," and he and Dot passed us. When we came to the corner, Dick went around it so fast he almost swung me

off my feet. Up the street we saw Betty dart into a yard, and Dick dropped my hand and sprinted. He caught up with Art Dane and Dot, and passed them. I was absolutely winded, but I could still jog-trot and I did. When I reached the Simpsons' porch, the others were already on it; they were looking at a square bird cage that hung on two nails against the side of the house, and Mrs. Simpson's maid, Delia, was talking sixty miles to the minute. She had been crying, too. "What is it? What's the matter?" I asked Betty.

"You will kindly not interrupt, Inspector Madge," she said. "Every minute is precious. If we waste time the damage will be fatal. Now, Delia, you say you heard what?"
"Feet," said Delia. "On the porch. Like somebody walk-

ing. So I came to the door and was just in time to see somebody scoot through the bushes yonder and out of the yard."

"You didn't see who it was? You didn't get a good look

or a boy, or a woman, or a girl?"

or a boy, or a woman, or a girl?"

caid Delia. "I wasn't expecting nothing much, you see, and it took a bit of time to get the door unlocked—Mrs. Simpson locked it when she went out. The first time she's been out since she was sick, Miss Betty. I wouldn't have thought anything was wrong except that Jenny was hopping around sort of funny, cheeping like she is now."

I NOTICED the canary cage more particularly then. It was divided into two parts by a wire partition. There was one canary in each part. One canary was quite placid on its perch, and, even as I looked at it, it expanded its throat and burst into the loveliest canary song I had ever heard. But the other bird was hopping distractedly up onto a little nest in the corner and hopping down again, uttering "Cheep! Cheep!" in a worried way.
"Talk fast," Betty said. "What did you do then?"

"I looked in the cage," Delia said, "thinking maybe the Jenny bird had no water to drink, but she had plenty, and seed, too. And then I saw the three little eggs she'd been setting on, to hatch them out, was gone. I was awful scared, Miss Betty, for Mrs. Simpson had her heart set on having Jenny hatch out them eggs, so I telephoned you quick."
"And quite right, Delia," Betty agreed. "You see now,

Inspectors, why haste is so necessary. We must get the eggs back before they get cold—once they are cold they will never hatch. We have minutes only, not hours, in which to find the three stolen eggs.'

"Two stolen eggs, Miss Betty," said Delia, "for one of them got broken when it was being stole. Here it is, ma'am."

She went to the edge of the porch and showed Betty the broken egg where it lay half hidden by the leaves of a bush that had pushed through the porch railing. Betty bent down to look closely at the pretty blue shell.

You're sure this is one of the eggs that were in the nest?" she asked.

"Indeed I am," declared Delia. "Wasn't I looking at the pretty things three or four times a day whilst Mrs. Simpson was sick, and telling her about them?

Betty straightened up and looked at the cage again. "You say Mrs. Simpson was greatly interested in the eggs?" she asked. "I suppose they were valuable."
"It wasn't that so much, Miss Betty," Delia said, "though

eggs from that pair would be worth a lot. She paid fifty dollars apiece for them two canary birds, and three little ones would be worth one hundred and fifty dollars, no doubt. But it was more that she was proud of having her Jenny lay eggs and go ahead and hatch them."
"Yes," said Betty, "I know how excited I was when our

canary laid an egg the first time. Mrs. Simpson was quite sick, wasn't she, Delia?"

"She was that. Like a nervous breakdown, it was," Delia "The doctor could not get her to take an interest in anything—she just lay there in bed, poor lady, and the first



she brightened up was when Sammy told her Jenny had laid an egg. She had me bring the cage and hang it in her room, and show her the pretty blue egg. It was like she had something in life to be interested in again, poor dear.'

And, of course, when Jenny laid more eggs she was more and more pleased and interested," suggested Betty. pose the eggs are about ready to hatch, Delia?

"Well, you can see by that one there, Miss Betty, the wee bird was about ready to come out of the shell. We looked for them to hatch any time now."

Art Dane had been getting more and more impatient as Betty and Delia talked on, and now he interrupted them.

"Listen, Superintendent," he said. "Excuse me for butting in, but you're wasting a lot of time. You say the eggs would be no good if they got cold. Well, I don't believe whoever stole them would want them to get cold. If they're worth fifty dollars apiece, or even twenty-five dollars apiece, he'd want to keep them warm. He would hustle them under another canary as quick as he could, wouldn't he? So there's another clue—look for somebody with a hen canary that is setting on eggs.'

"Why, that's quite an idea, Inspector Dane," Betty said.

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DICK WENT DOWN THE PORCH STEPS AND BEGAN TO SEARCH THE BUSHES THERE

"Sure it is," declared Art, "How about the thief being somebody that owns a cheap canary, and who knew about this fancy pair of Mrs. Simpson's? All we've got to do is find that setting canary.

It's your idea, Inspector," said Betty, smiling a little. "It's only fair to let you find the setting canary, don't you think?

"Why—" said Arthur, looking rather blank, "why, I don't know."

HUNDREDS, wouldn't you suppose?" asked Betty.
"There have been hundreds always, and there were those three big canary sales not long ago. And another thing, Inspector-

Well, what?" Art asked uncomfortably.

"I suppose you would know the two stolen eggs when you saw them?" Betty asked. "They would have These eggs were stolen from Mrs. Simpson' written on them, would they, Inspector?"

Aw, pshaw!" said Art. "I just made the suggestion."

Illustrated by LESLIE TURNER

"How did you mean to proceed, In-spector?" Betty went on, teasing him. Were you planning to go to each owner of a hen canary and say, Excuse me, but may I look in your cage to see if you stole some eggs?' You might go and look in my mother's canary cage first, Inspector. Or how about going down to Brambo's and asking him if someone has offered to sell him canary eggs in the last hour or so?

'Say, that's an idea!" said Dick Prince, for Brambo was the bird store man in Westcote. "Wouldn't the thief try to sell the eggs? And who would be more likely to buy them than Brambo? He probably has a setting canary or two."

And the thief would say, 'Mr. Brambo, I have here two eggs I stole from Mrs. Simpson; she has those fifty dollar Belgian canaries.' Is that what he would say, Inspector Prince?

"No, Brambo is honest," Dick admitted. "He wouldn't buy stolen eggs. The thief would just say, 'I want to sell a couple of canary eggs-

"'That are still warm-'" suggested Betty. "How would he explain that, Inspector?

"He might tell Brambo that his hen canary had died suddenly," said Dick, but he knew that sounded silly. I said so. "Nonsense, Dick," I said. "Mr. Brambo

wouldn't buy canary eggs. If he did, he would only pay a few cents for them unless he knew they were from an extra fine canary. So there are two objections to your idea—a thief wouldn't risk coming up on this porch and take the chance of being caught just to get a few cents; and, if he asked Mr. Brambo to pay more than a few cents, Mr. Brambo would want to know where the eggs came from."

"You have made a very wise remark, Inspector Madge," Betty said. "But, look here," Dick objected, "if the

thief wouldn't take the eggs to get a few cents, and if the thief knew he couldn't tell Mr. Brambo where the eggs came from,

he wouldn't steal the eggs. Inspector Madge as good as says the eggs were not taken."

'Oh, yes, they were taken," said Betty. "Delia knows they were in the nest in the cage, and you can see they are gone, so-" but Dot interrupted her shyly. Dot never blurts out words the way I do, and she never says anything unless she thinks it is important, least of all when Betty is talking.

"I'm sorry to interrupt, Superintendent," she said, "but you said this was a hurry-up job, and aren't we wasting a lot of time just talking? I mean, oughtn't we to hurry? mean, won't the eggs get cold while we stand here and talk?"

Dot blushed when she said this because she felt she was being nervy in reprimanding Betty even that much, but Betty did not get angry. She gave Dot a pleasant smile.

"The eggs are not getting cold, Inspector," she said. "You need not worry about that now."
"But you said—" Dot ventured again. "Anyway we're

just standing here talking-

'Quite right, Inspector Carver," Betty said as pleasantly as before, "but you know the old (Continued on page 39)

WHERE POISE BEGINS

ACH day you build the personality that will be you ten years hence.

There will be a "future you" anyway—unless you are run over some day-but the chances are that neither your mind nor your body will fully realize their possibilities if you give them no care. A garden plant will flower even if neglected, but it becomes a pinched and warped affair compared with what it might have been if tended lovingly. So, since you have a choice, why not be intelligent about it? Why not begin storing up the spirit, the muscles, and the balance that will produce the poise you would like to have?

Girls usually list poise as one of the two or three qualities which they most want to possess. They often speak of it as something they hope to be able to acquire—next week, or next month, as if it were something they could buy in a They seem not to realize that poise must be built, and that it takes a long time to do it. Of course we are talking about real poise and not the false-front variety.

If it is real poise you desire, you must begin on the

foundations immediately and be sure you build a little each day. You readers of THE AMERICAN

TRY WALKING AROUND WITH A BOOK ON YOUR HEAD. SIT DOWN AND GET UP WITHOUT DROPPING IT AND YOU WILL KNOW HOW TO HOLD YOUR BACKBONE IN ONE PIECE

STAND SIDEWAYS BEFORE A MIRROR AND DISCOVER IF YOUR BACKBONE IS HELD IN THE CORRECT POSITION



A straight-from-the-shoulder article which lets you in on one of the secrets of poise and tells how to start building your own

ELIZABETH MACDONALD OSBORNE

be a help to your husband, too, whatever his work may be. Always, no matter what you are creating, the foundation must be solid if the result is to be satisfactory, so this ground work must be done thoughtfully.

Poise must be built from two angles: physical balance and mental balance. Of these, physical balance is the easier to acquire and is of great assistance in creating the other. So it is physical balance we are out for now. We shall talk it is physical balance we are out for now. about mental balance in another article.

 $F^{
m IRST}$ you must have good physical proportions. That does not mean you should all weigh the same, for some of you have larger bones and are designed for curves instead of angles. But don't let hunks of fat collect in spots, and don't let your muscles grow flabby. If that has happened, do something intelligent about it. Go to a doctor and do as he says, or find out from your domestic science teacher just how much food, and what kinds, a girl your age should have, and follow her advice. Many of you will find that the foods suggested differ greatly from your customary diet. It might be fun to take your measurements at the end of each week and keep a chart. Above all, don't put yourself on some fancy diet for reducing. These are often dangerous, and they are fearfully upsetting to your mental balance. So take it slowly but continuously, and don't forget your goal.

Now, about your posture. My guess would be that eighty out of every hundred girls have good figures, and that

A large department store recently studied its women clients and found that twenty-five per cent had good figures, eighty per cent had defective posture, and fifty-five per cent had derrière trouble. Before you know it, you girls will be taking the places of those clients, and it rests with you to which type you'll belong when you are middle-aged. What you do now determines how well you'll be wearing your clothes twenty years from now.

To carry yourself in such a way that people look at you with delight or envy, you must: 1. Find your axis; 2. Move

Here are the methods for finding your axis. Learn how to hold your head, tummy, and chest. The handle to your head, of course, is your neck, and wherever your neck goes it takes your head with it. Some girls are in such a hurry to arrive that they send their heads on before, forgetting that the one who wins a race is the one whose chest touches

Another mistake you schoolgirls make is to lean forward with your neck instead of with your hips. The ball and socket joint on each side of your body is for leaning, whereas your neck is a more delicate affair designed for balancing

your head lightly and turning it alertly.

One method of correcting the posture of a neck which already has acquired the goose-like stretch is to think about the spot on the back of your neck where your hair begins to



grow, and then pull that spot back as far as it will go. Keep your face up, just high enough to avoid a double chin. That will bring your eyes on a level with the horizon, and that is exactly where the eyes of a well-poised person should be.

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ch ut to One thing must be remembered about the chest. Hold it as high as you can. Don't push it forward with your back, but lift your rib section just as far up as it will go. This may seem awkward at first, but that is because the rest of you is not poised properly. When (Continued on page 47)



- The Story So Far -

"Imp," as her school friends call Irene Hartless, is the daughter of a famous engineer, a self-made man who is determined she shall conform to his pattern for a wealthy man's daughter. The girl is a "chip of the old block," however, and the two strong wills sometimes clash, especially over Mr. Hartless's ban on physical work—which is what his daughter loves to do. Her mother having died, and her father's business taking him all over the world. Irene lives with her chaperon, Miss Ida Hartless, at the country estate, Hartslea, near New York, and attends a fashionable boarding school in the city.

In spite of disagreements, Imp adores her father, and her dream is to be his companion when she finishes school. This dream is shattered when she learns that he is about to marry Christina Budlong, a young widow with a child—"Bubbles"—a charming little boy. Irene opposes the marriage, but finally yields. As a governess for the little boy, she recommends a French girl, known as Mammo, who has done mending for the girls at school. Christina is delighted with Mammo and employs her, though Miss Hartless doubts the wisdom of the arrangement since Irene really knows nothing about the French girl.

THE first stay of the bride and groom at Hartslea, after a long wedding journey to Mexico, had been but a short one, for Christina loved New York and her husband found time for many opera and theater parties which he had always avoided before. Irene, who was old enough to be included in many of them, rarely went with her father and "Mrs. Christy," as she was generally called, preferring to join various groups of her young friends. This

THE HOUSE BY

PART THREE

displeased her father, who showed signs of cutting down her activities if she would not share theirs, but his wife persuaded him against such a course.

"I don't think that's quite fair, Jerry," she said temperately. "Imp's old enough to choose her own friends, and there's nothing wrong with them, that I can see. You'll only irritate her if you try to force her. Cousin Ida agrees with me, I know."

And Cousin Ida did, in a way, and admired Christy's tact, though she regretted Imp's avoidance of such a pleasant, suitable chaperon.

Though she resented others' criticism of her Imp, Miss Hartless could not deny that Irene had changed, or, as she preferred to put it, "was passing through a phase," just now. And this phase undoubtedly included a change in friends, both boys and girls. Imp spoke less of Janie Mitchell, the school leader for character, accomplishment, and dignity, and more of the group of easy-going juniors. And Augustus Brathwayte, though he turned up as a matter of course at week-end parties, seemed to have been supplanted of late by Bunny Bliss, a harmless, good-looking boy, who, up to now, had figured merely as a useful partner at tennis, dancing, or skiing.

With the French girl and Bubbles installed at Hartslea, life goes on as usual, until the extraordinary episode of the pearls

Illustrated by HARVÉ STEIN



By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

AS IMP PAUSED, HE STAMPED NERVOUSLY AND SPOKE A SHARP COMMAND IN FRENCH

The family was sharply divided as to Bunny. Mrs. Hartless "had a soft spot in her heart for him," she admitted, because he was so good-tempered and well-dressed, because his family was one of the finest in the East, and because he was so fond of Imp. Mr. Hartless "had no use for him," because, after dropping out of Yale, he couldn't find a job to suit him, and flitted from one to another, openly searching for what he called a "snap."

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To Bunny, Irene was the One and Only. He sometimes felt, however, that she was a little hard on a fellow, but he told people when they asked him how he stood for it, "Oh, I just let her rave! Imp's all right. You have to know her, that's all."

It was just this pleasant, easy attitude of his that worried Aunt Ida. 'Gustus had none of it and criticized his old playmate frankly when she disappointed him. Imp had always, until lately, taken this in good part; but now she seemed to resent it, and sheered off to the easier companionship of the always tolerant Bunny. She felt his lazy charm and appreciated his good manners, though she found him, as did most people, lacking in stamina.

This new, hardened mood of Irene's made one more worry for Aunt Ida, who was finding Bubbles, with all his pretty, winning ways, not so easy to work with as Imp had been at his age; and, on the unforgettable Saturday afternoon that was to mean so much to all of them at Hartslea, she confided some of her difficulties to her cousin, Henderson Hartless, just arrived from England.

DESCENDED from a branch of the old Hartless tree which was well-known for its scholarly traditions, Henderson Hartless had long been a professor in a school for American boys in England, which made a specialty of fitting them for college life in America, and his quiet, clipped speech had borrowed from the accent of his adopted country, as happens to so many Americans who stay for any length of time in the country of their ancestors. He had come home to America for a sabbatical year, and had brought a letter to Jeremiah Hartless from the father of one of his pupils, a business associate of the great engineer.

Aunt Ida felt at home with Professor Hartless instantly;

Aunt Ida felt at home with Professor Hartless instantly; there had been many teachers in her family and he was a graduate of her father's college. She persuaded him to come to Hartslea, though Jeremiah and Christina were absent on one of their frequent jaunts to town.

Professor Hartless expressed himself as much interested



in seeing the delightful country-house life in America, for he had been so long away from his native land that it seemed almost like a foreign country to him.

"And this, I suppose, is a typical household," he said, sitting comfortably in a low leather chair, with his wellloved tea steaming beside him. "Gayeties and excitements for the young people all the time-I thought that little informal dance last night a charming affair, all through. And your niece—so high spirited and such a leader!"

"Oh, yes, Imp can be high spirited," Aunt Ida agreed,

"though she's sometimes moody, too."
"Is that what you call her? I heard it, but I didn't

"That's what everybody calls her," said Aunt Ida drily. "I. M. P. Hartless, she used to sign it-'Imp!' Michaelthat's the gardener—used to call her 'that Hartless imp.' a matter of fact, I think she can be about as heartless as anyone so good-natured and obliging could be!" And Aunt Ida sighed and smiled.

"Oh!" said the professor, drinking his tea, "she struck me as just that-good-natured and obliging. And a pretty child, too. A little brusque, perhaps, but sincere, I thought, and-

"She's sincere enough," Aunt Ida agreed, "but she's hardly a child, Henderson. She'll be seventeen, her next birthday. After all-

'After all, that's not very aged," he reminded her. "Aren't you expecting a little too much, maybe? This young Brathwayte seems a nice fellow.

"Very nice," Miss Hartless said. "Much better than the average, on the whole. I don't know what they really want, any of them, though. Here he comes, now."

Gustus Brathwayte swung along the terrace, kicking at the October leaves like an urchin of nine, though he was a

personable young gentleman of eighteen.
"Seen Imp, any of you?" he called, pushing through the French window, half open to the mild autumn air. got a date in the village, and I thought I'd give her a real treat and take her along!

"If you'll take me to the barber's, 'Gustus, I'm yours," a sleepy voice answered from a dim corner behind the tea drinkers, and Irene, clad in a gray Jersey frock, rolled out from the cushions of a long divan. Stretching and yawning like a kitten, she strolled to the tea table.

'That's where I'm going myself," 'Gustus told her.

"Hello, Aunty! Hello, Professor!" the girl sighed. "Gosh, but I was certainly dead to the world! I ate too much lunch. How long's that tea been standing, Aunty? If that isn't cinnamon toast, I shall cry like a child!"

There's just one piece, and it is cinnamon! It's my first pick, as I came first and haven't wasted the day in sleep, said 'Gustus briskly, seizing the solitary dainty and balancing it on his saucer, before presenting his cup to Aunt Ida.

Henderson Hartless gasped, but neither his hostess nor Irene appeared surprised. Aunt Ida filled his cup and her niece confined herself to a brief, "Just like your big, generous heart, 'Gustus!"

She helped herself to two little cakes at once, holding out the third and last to the little boy who hurried eagerly into the room, just then, very fresh and dainty in a blue-andwhite sailor suit.

"That's for you, Bubbles," she said, "so that 'Gustus sha'n't get any! Eat it quick, old scout, or he'll snitch it!" "This is Jerry's little stepson, Henderson," Aunt Ida explained. "He was in bed last evening when you arrived."

Imp swallowed her tea and turned to 'Gustus. about that barber? I'll run you over, but I warn you now that my rear tire is pretty punk. I'll match you for who changes it, if she goes flat. None of this 'guest' business, you know!"

"Are you going out in the car, Impy? Can I go?" piped

up the little boy.
"Sure thing," Imp said, setting down her cup. "Get your coat."

They went out, with a just remembered "Good-bye, Professor," from the girl, and an informal "See you later, I hope," from 'Gustus. The two elders confronted each other over the empty plates.

"Are they really going to the village barber shop-together?" the visitor asked interestedly.

'They don't think anything of it, you know," Aunt Ida told him. "Times have changed since we were young."

She turned as the French girl, "Mammo," the little boy's governess, entered the room and stood beside her.

Mamzelle?" she said briefly.

HENDERSON HARTLESS stared at the newcomer, who was bending over his cousin with an air of almost exaggerated deference. For a moment he had thought it was Irene who stood there. The gray, silken legs, gray suede slippers, trim gray sport suit of some shining Jersey material, were almost the replica of the Imp's, except that the French girl's costume was of a slightly darker shade. Her saucy head was trimmed in the same modish cut and her red lips shone out against the same olive pallor. Only, as he studied her closely, he saw that she was some years older than Irene.

"It is Madame Hartless on ze wire. If Mees Hartless would kindly speak? I am so bad wiz all telephone," the French girl explained.

Aunt Ida hurried away, and the governess followed, leaving the professor to meditate on the possible reason for the similarity between Irene's and Mammo's dresses. Was it a coincidence? Why should the Hartless heiress and her stepbrother's governess dress in almost identical costumes? Well, he would ask Ida.

He was deep in a book when Miss Hartless returned. She sank into a chair, her forehead drawn into a frown.

"Really," she burst out, "Christina is too amazing!"
"Not coming to-night? I'm sorry not to meet her—"

"Oh, it's not that—we never expect her, as far as that goes. No, they're staying over, for a play. But she's left her pearls, and she isn't sure where! And I'm to find them and put them in the safe. It makes me nervous, Henderson, such carelessness! And they want the Packard sent in to town-Cousin Jerry is going to use it to-morrow-and the new man hasn't come.' (Continued on page 35)



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ABOVE: THE LANETT LITTLE HOUSE WAS BUILT IN NINETEEN THIRTY-FIVE. LOCATED BEHIND THE LANETT THEATER, IT IS CONSTRUCTED OF BRICK IN KEEPING WITH THE SURROUNDING BUILDINGS. THE INVITING LIVING ROOM BELOW, WITH ITS FRIENDLY FIREPLACE, EXTENDS ACROSS THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE AND IS THE SCENE OF MANY HAPPY TIMES

BELOW: ON A TREE-SHADED STREET CLOSE TO THE CHATTAHOOCHEE IS THE PICTURESQUE LITTLE LOG HOUSE OF THE LANGDALE GIRL SCOUTS



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THE MAP BELOW SHOWS THE LOCATIONS OF LITTLE HOUSES IN LANETT, SHAWMUT, LANGDALE, FAIRFAX, AND RIVERVIEW, ALABAMA, AND THE GIRL SCOUT ROOMS IN WEST POINT, GEORGIA—ALL TOWNS WHICH COME UNDER THE JURISDICTION OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER VALLEY GIRL SCOUT COUNCIL



THE CHATTAHOOCHEE VALLEY

"OLD MAN RIVER" CHATTAHOOCHEE CHARTS ITS COURSE BETWEEN THE STATES OF ALABAMA AND GEORGÍA GIRL SCOUT
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from "The Song of the Chattahoochee" by Sidney Lanier

TIE HOUSES

the attahoochee and pro-Girscout activities and beir pective communities



SOME BROWNIES ENJOY A SUN-NY CORNER OF THE SPACIOUS LIVING ROOM OF FAIRFAX'S NEW LITTLE HOUSE, SURROUND-ED BY TALL PINES. AT THE REAR OF THE LIVING ROOM ARE A KITCHEN AND BATH



THE INSIE LANGDALE LITTI
IS PANEL TAINED
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OF NATURE BUILTIN SEATS A VES FOR
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AT RIVERVIEW, THIS ATTRACTIVE BUILDING REPLACES THE APART-MENT FORMERLY USED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS FOR THEIR LITTLE HOUSE

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE VALLEY GIRL SCOUT ORGANIZATION IS AT SHAWMUT. THE HOUSE WAS GIVEN BY O. G. MURPHY, SR., SUPERINTENDENT OF THE SHAWMUT MILL, AND IS PROVIDED WITH AN OFFICE, A LIVING ROOM, A DINING BOOM, A KITCHEN, AND ALSO A PLEASANT BEDROOM AND BATH



MRS. HOOVER IS SERVED TEA BY GIRL SCOUTS OF PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA, IN THEIR LITTLE HOUSE

UNIQUE LITTLE HOUSE

MACON, GEORGIA: Have you an old discarded street car in your town? Well, we have; and, with the combined help of all the Girl Scouts in Troop 20 and the Troop committee, we made it into an attractive meeting place. We got off with a good start by getting an old fire truck to move the car to its present location in our neighborhood. For several months we worked hard taking out old pipes, screening windows, and turning around seats with the help of several Boy Scouts who did the heavy work. When this was done, we painted the inside of the car a pale cream and mahogany. The paint was bought with the money received for the old junk taken out of the car. Several Girl Scouts made green curtains for us and we hung those, put glass shelves across the windows, and put in a wood stove and a bulletin board. The whole troop went on a hike and gathered pine straw to make paths. They planted grass and shrubs all around the car, and each of the patrols made flower gardens. One of the fathers donated a sign with silver letters reading, "The Girl Scout Little House."

At last everything was finished and, on a Sunday afternoon in December, the troop held open house for all the parents and friends of Girl Scouting in Macon. The guests began to arrive at four o'clock and, from then until six, the "Little House" was the scene of joyous fun. One Girl Scout played several tunes on a shepherd's pipe, and the whole troop sang Girl Scout songs. Everybody joined in games and folk dances:

Any afternoon now you can ride down Culver Street in Macon, Georgia, and see what used to be just an old street car, but which is

now the pride of Troop 20.

Alice Crandall, Troop 20

A MOVING STORY

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA: Imagine my surprise, on looking through the April issue of The American Girl, to see a picture of our Little House on its way to Fourteenth Street! Why move it at all? That question probably occurred to every one upon seeing the picture. Behind that trip is a long tale! The "Little House," as it is now known, was the model house used to demonstrate possibilities for modernization of homes in a Federal project. The house, formerly a shack, was donated by its owner. It was remodeled on the Federal Building lawn. Materials and furnishings were donated by Indianapolis merchants.

Suggestions as to the final disposal of the house were requested by those in charge of the project, and the Girl Scouts of this city were delighted and honored to be designated as owners, the only stipulation being that we send seventy-five thousand visitors through it. This we accomplished.

Of course we could not keep the house on the lawn of the Federal Building, so certain kind-hearted Girl Scout fathers purchased a plot of land for this purpose. The house was in reality moved by the girls themselves. By the use of ropes, two hundred girls, most of them from camp, pulled it a foot forward on its trip to the tune of "Blow the Man Down."

So attractive is our "Little House" that recently a woman was keenly disappointed to learn that the darling house snuggled down between the tall buildings was not for sale! In the basement is the recreation room where our meetings and parties are held. It gives us a satisfied feeling to know that we have such a place in which to hold our get-togethers.

Jean Coffin

IN THE SPRING A GIRL SCOUT'S FANCY ~ turns to

gardens and Little Houses and doing things in the friendly out-of-doors



Photograph by Paul Parker

ONE OF THE FRENCH GUIDES, ON TOUR OF THIS COUNTRY LAST SUMMER, COOKED AN OMELET A LA FRANCAISE AT THE INTERNATIONAL PARTY HELD AT CAMP EDITH MACY

OUR STAR REPORTER

Don't forget that the best news report on Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month. The writer, who is the Star Reporter of the month, receives a book as an award. For the Star Reporter's Box, your story should contain two to three hundred words.

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA: "Bon jour!" said a few of the Washington Girl Scouts, last month, to eight delightful French Girl Guides. We had a hard time making our French do its duty, but we did manage a few phrases. Every now and then we had to point to that of which we were speaking, but it was fun trying to make ourselves understood. I must say that the French Guides manœuvered with their English very well.

The Guides were on a tour through the United States, sponsored by the Carnegie Endowment Fund and Girl Scouts of America. They were in Washington on a three-day visit from Thursday, August twenty-seventh, through Saturday,

August twenty-ninth.

While they were here, they attended the movie, "Green Pastures," which they said was quite different from their French films. Another difference was the treatment of women prisoners in Washington and New York jails. One of the Guide Leaders is a lawyer, so naturally she took particular interest in that sort of thing. She referred to the women as being treated "too soft" in our jails.

One of the surprising revelations was that French women spend little time in beauty parlors because they are too busy for facials and finger waves. "The French hairdresser would starve to death in Paris," said one, "so he comes to America

to get rich"

The French Guides concluded their visit with a farewell luncheon held at our District of Columbia Little House. After luncheon, they surprised us with a marionette show, using French records on a portable victrola for the musical arrangements. Mlle. Marie-Thérèse de Laboulaye, daughter of the French Ambassador, graciously assisted as a hostess.

Before leaving for Philadelphia, their next stop after Washington, the guides were overnight guests of Mrs. May Flather (founder of the Washington Girl Scout Camp in George Washington Forest in Virginia) at her home "Tulip Hill," in Maryland.

Gere Dell Sale, Troop 26



A HAPPY DAY FOR THEIR MOTHERS! GIRL SCOUTS OF TROOP THIRTY-TWO, SIOUX CITY, IOWA, ARE BUSY PREPARING GOOD THINGS TO EAT FOR THE GALA DINNER TO WHICH EVERY MOTHER OF A MEMBER OF THE TROOP WILL BE INVITED IN HONOR OF "MOTHER'S HOLIDAY"

TWO SCOUTS OF WASHING-TON, D.C. DEVOTE PART OF A SUNNY SPRING AFTER-NOON TO GARDENING ON THE GROUNDS OF THE NATIONAL LITTLE HOUSE

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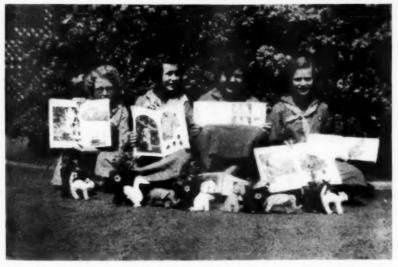
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RICHMOND, CALIFORNIA, GIRL SCOUTS MADE GIFTS FOR CHILDREN AT THE COUNTY HOSPITAL

THEY WON THEIR COOK BADGE

NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS: The Senior Scout patrols of Troop 10 gave an "appreciation" dinner to the Northampton Girl Scout Council, on April thirteenth. There were ninety-six guests, including our various badge instructors of the past year, and our sister senior troop. The twelve senior-ites had entire charge of the party and they managed it all as smoothly as could be.

For two years we have had monthly practice of planning, buying for, and cooking balanced suppers; and, while ninety-six is a bit different from fifteen, we were not phased. Three Girl Scouts, finishing their cook badge, planned the menu and chose their assistants. One girl prepared the fricasseed chicken and boiled rice; another the making of two hundred Parker House rolls (they were served hot and tasted "yummy"); the third made

jellied pineapple-cucumber salad; and the three collaborated on dessert—charlotte russe, cocoa, and coffee.

Two Golden Eaglet candidates had charge of the decorations and entertainment. The large room presented an "Eastery" appearance with gay yellow and green streamers, pine boughs in the fireplace, centerpieces of egg nests and rabbits on the smaller tables, two candelabra of six candles each, a large bouquet of California anemones on the head table, crêpe paper crocuses on toothpicks for place cards—and the smiling faces of the Girl Scouts and their guests.

The four junior patrols each gave a Scout song skit; three seniors danced a Russian and a Norwegian folk dance, and junior individuals tap danced. Between courses and during the entertainment, group singing was enjoyed.

Finally a huge horseshoe was formed and



A WHITE EASTER BUNNY WITH FLOPPY EARS IS READY FOR THE EASTER EGG ROLLING AT ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

the cook badge presented to three happy girls, a five year stripe to our lieutenant, and the grand climax, the Thanks Badge, gift of the two senior troops, to the Registered Nurse who has worked so hard and faithfully with the Girl Scouts.

After taps and "echo" taps, we reluctantly went home.

Mariorie Noble

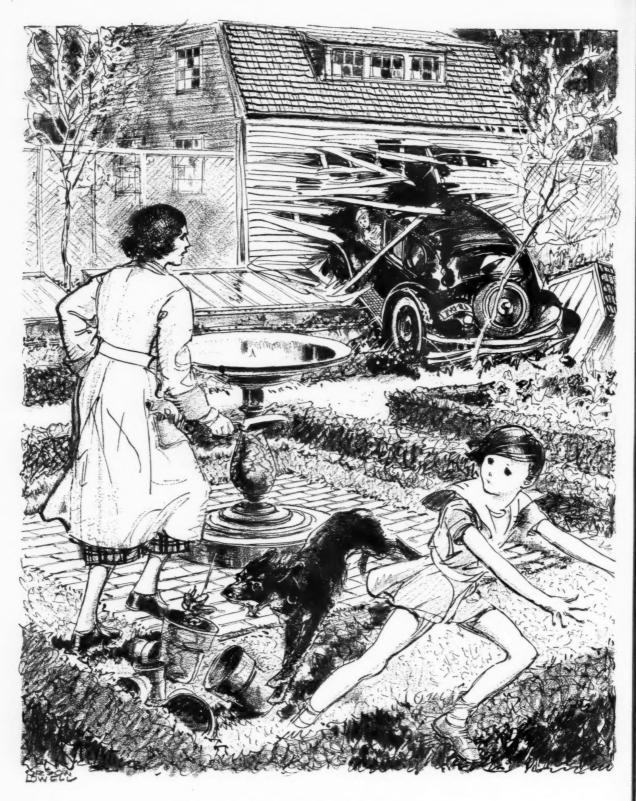
A COMMUNITY SERVICE PROJECT

RICHMOND, CALIFORNIA: We, the Girl Scouts of Troop 9, Richmond, California, were wondering how we could pass our Community Service tests. Finally we thought of making things for the children and the older people in the county hospital at Martinez, California.

At the next troop meeting some of us brought flower pots, while others brought pictures to paste in scrap books. We cleaned the flower pots and painted them green with white daisies around the top, daisies being our troop emblem. We also made stuffed animals and birds. It was lots of fun.

Finally, a week before Easter, Mrs. George, our Girl Scout Leader, Mrs. Knotts, her assistant, and four of us girls went to the hospital. First we went to the children's ward, and gave them the scrap books and stuffed animals. Then we went to the women's ward and gave them flower pots for each room. They all seemed to be pleased with the things. About a month later, one of our own Girl Scouts, who was ill, was taken to the same hospital and, while there, she saw several of the things we had made, giving pleasure to other patients.

Aileen Sullins



THE NUTCRACKER SUITE, IV

Drawn by ORSON LOWELL

For the caption that best reveals what this picture is about, we will give a book as prize. See page 48 for rules.

MYSTERY ISLAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

and a gallery that faced the mountain. We found, to our surprise, that both the governor and his wife spoke excellent English. And they welcomed us so hospitably that we knew instantly we were going to enjoy our stay on the island.

They even insisted on installing us in the official "Guest House" which is kept for the use of visiting dignitaries. We would have a black housekeeper and a maid to look after us, and cook our meals.

"I do hope you like it here," Mme. de Brauw said anxiously, "it is such a strange, primitive little place in many ways. We have no gas, electricity, movies, or newspapers. And there isn't a wheeled vehicle on the island. What the natives call 'roads,' are long successions of rocky steps. We have some saddle horses, but I think you will find, as we have, that walking is easier than riding."

We asked many questions as we sat sipping our iced limeade. (After that day, Mme. de Brauw pointed out, there would be no more ice; not until the next boat came in.) We found that Governor de Brauw was also intrigued by the obvious mystery about the first settlers.

"The people here don't know anything about their origin, and don't care," he told us. "Many of the natives have never been away from Saba in their lives; they have never seen a train, an automobile, or a street car, except in magazine or newspaper pictures brought in from the outside."

"Why haven't they any curiosity about their ancestors?" I asked. The governor

"Impossible to say, Yet Saba islanders are thrifty, honest, hard working, and, fundamentally, they are intelligent. Those who do leave 'the dear old Rock,' as they call it, get along very well in other parts of the world. The men are expert mariners; they become pilots, harbor masters, captains of big liners."

"And how do the ones who stay here make a living?" my husband inquired.

"Practically everyone has a little plot of tillable ground—the soil here is very fertile. The white men are fishermen, and they do a bit of trading in the schooners they build. The colored men are 'headers.' "And the women?" I asked. "Have they

"And the women?" I asked. "Have they any occupation outside of housekeeping?" Mme. de Brauw looked at me pityingly.

"They have, as you will soon find out. All of them, from small girls to old grandmothers, do embroidery work for sale. They call it Spanish work,' and no one knows who first introduced it here. There used to be quite a market for it in Holland, but not any more. They keep on doing it, however, and the few visitors who come to Saba are fair game. I'm sorry for you, because I know what you are going to go through!"

She was right. Almost from the very moment that we were installed in the Guest House, came a stream of hopeful, plaintive-voiced women, some black, some white, some of them neatly dressed, others in a pitiful assortment of ragged garments. They all brought their handiwork, and were pathetically anxious to sell it.

Some of it was (Continued on page 33)



FOLLOW THE LEADER is more than a game

It is a priceless opportunity to "set the pace" for the girls in your troop—for it is by example that we "lead." And there is no surer way to have your girls "in uniform" than to wear one yourself.

The light-weight wool dress is especially recommended for the spring and summer months. The same high quality workmanship and expert tailoring is found in this as in the somewhat heavier all-wool covert cloth uniform. Both materials have been preshrunk and are practically wrinkle-proof. Sizes 12-18, 38-44.

2-102	Wool covert cloth	\$19.50
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CURTAINS for



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GLAZED FIGURED CHINTZ WILL HELP TO BRIGHTEN THE ROOM WITH PLAIN WALLS

UST as all out-of-doors puts on a beautiful new dress at this season of the year, so must the interiors of Little Houses be made young, colorful, and gay. In no way can this be done quite so effectively as through attractive curtains for the windows.

So, let's burn one more log in the fireplace, toast a few marshmallows, and discuss the matter of new curtains as a part of the Spring Beautifying Campaign in which every Girl Scout will take an active part. I can imagine how some will delight in the spreading of fresh paint over every available surface, and how others will busy themselves with the hoe and rake, while yet another group will measure yards and yards of material, and make the sewing machine hum as they stitch the new curtains.

What are some of the attractive curtain materials that do not cost too much? Glazed chintz, plain or floral, is always in good taste. Old-fashioned calicos are quaint, but smart. Percales and cretonnes are old stand-bysand there are also crisp organdie, voile, dotted Swiss, theatrical gauze, scrim, and marquisette,

not to mention cheesecloth. Though your material may cost little, strive for smart effects. One should not be content to hang just a strip of material. Some of the smartest curtains I've seen, were made of the least expensive fabrics, but with unusual treatment.

Ruffles, gathered or pleated, never fail to add charm and are so easy to make. Material to be gathered should be cut, or torn, crosswise the material. Tear material when possible; if not, pull a thread to insure evenness, and cut on line. The edges of ruffles should be hemmed with the narrow machine hemmer, or picoted, or pinked, depending on the ma-

Another smart, easy finish is the use of bias binding. Edges may be bound and then several rows applied as a French fold

LITTLE HOUSES

A delightful adventure if you make them yourselves

ELIZABETH ANTHONY

-particularly good on percale, organdie, dimity, dotted Swiss, or chintz, when used for bedroom curtains, bedspread, or dressing-table cover. Ric-rac braid may be combined with bias binding, or used separately on these same materials for both bedrooms and kitchens.

Ball fringe is back in the fashion picture and is at its best in Colonial and Early American rooms. Use it on voile, chintz, or cheesecloth, in bedrooms, or on coarse net, for the living room.

Theatrical gauze is cool-looking for summer curtains, and it's smart for living rooms, library, or sun porches. It is best to make it up rather tailored, with three-inch hems. Rows of stitching in thread of contrasting color may be added, or appliqué floral designs along the sides and across the bottom.

Voile, scrim, or dimity may be tucked. Adjust the machine tucker for one-inch tucks, spacing them about one-half inch apart, making the tucks in groups of five, seven, or nine across the bottom of each curtain. You can use curtains so styled in practically any room of the Little House.

CURTAINS should be in keeping with the room. Little Houses are so varied in type, and so individual, that it would be difficult to say that any particular style of curtain should be used. But the suggestions given here can be adapted in various ways.

In making your decision—particularly as to fabric and colors-the walls, floor covering, and upholstered furniture must be taken into consideration. If the walls are plain, then choose figured material-striped, blocked, or floralfor curtains, using the same fabric for a chair cover, or cushions. If the walls are papered in figured design, it is best to use plain fabric.

Measure the windows accurately to determine the amount of yardage required. Be sure to allow sufficient for hems, ruffles, headings, and casings. Try not to skimp on material; it is more satisfactory to use less expensive material and have plenty, than otherwise. Occasionally, when wide material of fifty or fifty-four inches is used, it may be cut through the center, using one length for each window. Narrower widths should not be cut. Keep in mind that curtains are not only decorative, but are means of letting in, or shutting out, light, and insuring privacy.

After the measuring and cutting is done, your sewing machine should do the rest. Use thread to match the material in color and texture. Keep the tensions the same as for ordinary sewing. The va-



NAVY ORGANDIE WITH A BORDER OF WHITE SOUTACHE BRAID IS HUNG OVER RUFFLED POINT D'ESPRIT

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rious machine attachments should be used to do the ruffling, tucking, hemming, binding, etc., to aid you to achieve the professional look.

Since I can't visit each and every Little House, I would be very glad to hear from you, if you have a particular curtain problem.

MYSTERY ISLAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

done on coarse cotton, and some on linen which is imported at a rather low price from Ireland. But the work was invariably exquisite. There were handkerchiefs, table covers, luncheon sets, pillow cases. I bought until my budget was absolutely exhausted. Then I took some on consignment to sell after I left Saba—which I succeeded in doing without difficulty.

We soon settled into a quiet routine of life. But in spite of there being no movies, newspapers, or any of the things we have come to regard as an indispensable part of modern living, we had no dull moments.

With the governor and his lovely wife, we made all sorts of trips about the island. And each excursion was a real achievement in leg power and a test of lung capacity. For although Saba is so small, there are five little communities dotted around its rugged circumference.

There is "The Windward Side" where, from a distance, the small white houses look like flakes of snow shaken down over the mountain's precipitous slope. Several miles farther on, along a narrow trail—much better for walking than riding horseback—is "Hell's Gate," where there used to be a sulphur mine. And higher up, almost lost in the clouds, is a sort of eagle's nest community called "Mirror Point."

One day we climbed up to the top of the mountain that always wore a cloudy white wig. We moved along the steep, slippery trail like ghosts, blanketed in mist. And we found, in a little stone corral up there on the foggy heights, a small plump bullock, whose master carried water up to him every day, balancing it in a pail atop his head!

We made a trip to the summit of the almost inaccessible thumb-like peak called-for no earthly reason that I can think of—"Paris"! And we discovered there the remains of an ancient stone house, or watch tower. Who were the intrepid souls who first clawed their way up to this wild eyrie for the sake of constructing a look-out tower? Why, with Saba's natural fortifications, would such a precaution be necessary? If you lived on

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VENUS Sanitary Napkins are undoubtedly the finest to be had. Made of real surgical cotton in a softly knitted seamless covering, they combine complete protection with luxurious comfort. More expensive, yes, but Venus may be worn hours longer than ordinary napkins can be endured.

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tection which precludes jangled nerves,

the worry of insecurity and annoying dis-

That you may discover for yourself the qualities which make Venus unusual and superior to the usual kinds, we are now including, at no extra cost, a Venus napkin with our newly designed FormFlex belt. FormFlex is made of a Lastex material woven especially to Venus standards. It fits gently but securely. Sells at 50c in four sizes.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to Dept. A



for goodness' sake

. . . a campfire meal cooked



with official Girl Scout equipment

A Folding Cup of nickel plate closes to 1" in depth. The close fitting cover is stamped with the trefoil. 11-541.....

An Aluminum Cup with handle is particularly suitable for hot liquids. Contents 10 ozs. 13-106.

Canteens come in two sizes-for long and short hikes! Both are of seamless aluminum, and both have padded khaki-cloth carrying cases with adjustable web shoulder straps.

13-101 5 cup size. Wt. 12 oz.....\$2.25 13-102 3 cup size. Wt. 8 oz...... 1.25

The Chow Kit has a case of dark green leather which fits on the belt. The folding knife and fork are of stainless steel and

chrome plate, and the spoon of nickel silver. 13-283.

A Mess Kit, complete with fry pan, covered kettle, plate, and cup of aluminum; and fork and spoon of nickel plate, has a convenient carrying case of khaki cloth with adjustable shoulder straps. 13-301 ...

The Extension Fork has an overall length of 191/2" extending to 30", making it ideal for campfire cooking. 13-498.....

The Official Ax has head and handle stained green. The sheath is of heavy leather, and may be worn on the belt.

13-262 Ax only... 13-264 Ax and sheath.....



GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

National Equipment Service 570 Lexington Avenue New York, New York



that strange, glamorous island, wouldn't you want to know? So should I! But the Saba islanders don't care!

We made the descent of The Ladder, which was being repaired after a storm had washed some of it away. At the governor's insistence, I came back riding in a sort of rickshaw made of an old rocking chair, with two poles tied alongside so as to make long shafts. Three stout Negroes furnished the "power."

We spent many happy hours at Government House. And one afternoon, when the boat came in and a big chunk of ice was brought up The Fort Way, we had a dinner that was the last word in luxury! Ice in the water! Ice among firm little pats of butter! Ice cooling the olives, and the delicious green salad! At the time it didn't seem possible that we would ever be casual about ice again.

To make that evening perfect, we all sat out on the long gallery, facing the mountain, and watched a moon rise that was the es-

sence of mystery and glamor.

The little village was in deep, velvety blackness. And in the circular bowl of starsprinkled sky above us, no moon was visible. But, all at once, the clouds upon the mountain's somber summit began to glow with an unearthly, opalescent radiance. A silver mist began to spread slowly down the shadowy slopes. And then, as if a curtain had lifted, the sharp gaunt thumb of "Paris" was revealed, thrusting up at the lambent stars. A few moments later, there rose out of the luminous nest of clouds a floating golden bubble. Instantly the little hidden world below was flooded with eerie splendor. The great golden disk rose up-up-was transformed into a ball of shining silver. And as if its rising were a signal, a group of black boys came singing down the street, their voices blending in a West Indian folk song of aching melancholy. Lovely? Ah me! I look up sometimes to this pallid Sky Lantern of our Northern latitudes, and wonder; is it really the same moon that comes up over Saba?

SOMETIMES, early in the morning, we would join the governor and his wife and go down The Fort Way for a swim at the rough little beach where we had first landed. Swimming was not easy. The breakers seemed to take an impudent delight in trying to toss us against the black jagged rocks. But after an hour of such exercise, followed by the long climb back to The Bottom, with what appetite we ate breakfast on the cool porch of Government House! And how leisurely we ate. No reason for hurrying on Sabano train to catch, no office to rush to. Do you suppose those first unknown settlers came here to escape the rush and mental strain of modern life-in the sixteenth century?

On Sundays, everyone went to church. There were several denominations from which to choose; Catholic, Episcopalian,

Dutch Reformed, and Baptist.

Every evening, at seven, the village lamplighter came past the Guest House, carrying a bouquet of brilliantly flaring gasoline lanterns. While the shadows settled thickly into the age-old crater of the volcano, he would go from corner to corner, climb up on the antique Dutch lamp post, place one of the lanterns inside the glass container, climb down, and go on to the next one.

It took him until about nine o'clock to make his rounds of the village. Then he came back to the first post, climbed up, took down the lantern, went on to the next; and when he took down the last one-that was you

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s. A e lucurfew. Saba was then officially put to bed. In the little library of the Guest House I found an English translation of Père Labat's memoirs, in which a passage concerning Saba had been underscored. Père Labat was a French priest of the early seventeen hundreds, and he did a great deal of jaunting about the West Indies in company with pirates and

He visited Saba, in 1710. He, too, climbed up to The Bottom, and was hospitably entertained by a Dutch governor. Père Labat was amazed at the fertility of the soil, the beauty of the villages, and the wealth of the inhabitants. He says that the white people owned many slaves, that everyone raised sea cotton and indigo, and everyone made shoes, from the governor on down. (Evidently the 'Spanish work" hadn't been introduced in his time.)

He describes comfortable houses, elegant furniture, most of it mahogany, and silver eating implements.

He also relates, in the same chatty vein, how, after he came back to the pirate ship, the buccaneers decided that they might as well go up and take away whatever loot they could find. But the canny Saba Islanders, being perhaps suspicious about the kind of people their priestly visitor hobnobbed with, rolled down some rocks on the would-be invaders, and that was that.

What Père Labat does not tell, is, where did the first settlers come from, and who were they? Neither does he mention whether, in his time, they spoke English or Dutch. In spite of his lively account of Saba and its inhabitants, he leaves the same question mark which is there to-day, and which, I greatly fear, will be there for many tomorrows!

The weeks of our stay passed all too quickly. And it was with a real wrench that we heard the whistle of the little Atlas one day, announcing that our visit to Saba was

For the last time we went down the breathtaking steepness of The Fort Way (only we were used to it by now), accompanied by the governor and his wife, and followed by the soft, plaintive voices of the people we had come to know.

"Good-bye, Mistress! Good-bye, Mynheer! God keep you, and come back one day to The Rock!"

Yes, I am sure we shall go back. There is something about it that draws one like a Lorelei's song. It is a strange, remote little world; beautiful, completely removed from the rush and nerve-wracking competition of civilization

We will always think of Saba by another name, "Mystery Island." And if I ever find a fortune teller who can answer my questions about it-then indeed will I believe in magic, and the predictions to be found in tea leaves and cards!

The clouds closed thickly over the summit of the mountain as the little Dutch freighter put out to sea. Looking back at that tawny, grim cone rising from the blue water, it seemed incredible that we were leaving human beings there, living a staid, workaday existence, untroubled by any curiosity or wonder about their amazing lost ancestry.

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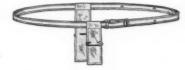
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HOUSE BY THE ROAD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

He patted her shoulder lightly. "Better go and find the pearls and get them off your mind. Or-here they are now, I imagine!"
The governess hurried toward them, an

open leather case in her hand.

"Mees! Mees Hartless! Will you be so kind as to take zis?" she said breathlessly. "I find it in Madame's box of lace. If you

"Thank goodness!" Aunt Ida murmured.
"Tm very glad, Mam'zelle. Will you tell me when Miss Irene comes in? Maybe she knows how to open the safe now-although she never used to. I'm sure I don't."

"Surelee, but-pardon, Mees Hartless-will not Mees Hartless put zem on, meantime? It is wiser. Is it not so, Monsieur? It is more kind to-to ozzer people!"

"Quite right, Mademoiselle!" the professor agreed heartily. "Put them on, Cousin Ida."

Miss Hartless allowed the French girl to clasp the milky balls around her neck, push-

ing the chain well under her blouse.
"Eet is quite tight," the girl assured her.
"Mees Hartless can pull, if she wish—eet will not part! Merci, Madame."

That's a nice girl, Ida," the professor said, when Mammo had left the room. "I thought it was Irene coming back—don't you think she looks like her?

'Not at all," said Miss Hartless. "It's the hair and the dress. Mademoiselle admires Irene and copies her in every way. Very poor taste, I think. I shouldn't wear my gray dress, in Irene's place, but she doesn't seem to mind at all. In fact, she laughs at it."

The little frown lined her brow again. "I don't see who is going to take the car to town to-morrow morning-

Why not let young Brathwayte drive in? Then he could take me.'

What! 'Gustus?" Irene's voice startled them. She strolled in, more than ever like the governess, in the dimming light. "You'd better make your will, professor, if you're going to do anything like that. I wouldn't trust 'Gustus with a wheel chair, myself. It isn't even funny, the way he drives. And, besides, he has to go to-night. He's packing his things now." She turned to Miss Hartless. 'Did you know Burns was leaving to-night, Aunty? I told him it would be all right-nobody's going out. He'd have to drive 'Gustus to the station first, of course."

"He could drive the Packard in to New York, and take 'Gustus with him," said Miss Hartless. "That's pleasanter than going by train. But-" she added doubtfully, "I don't like-I'm not sure-

"Gosh, Aunty, let him go! You couldn't stop him, anyhow. The new man's coming to-morrow, you know. What's the difference?"

But I think I'd better call up your father-"You can't. How'll you get him? Don't fuss. Aunty!

Miss Hartless bustled out, and Irene sank into a deep chair by the fire. Henderson Hartless studied her face; it was impossible to read her. In a moment, Aunt Ida returned.

Will you try to find Bubbles, Irene?" she begged. "I can't locate Mademoiselle anywhere, either, and it's very annoying. Bubbles has got it into his head that he's going to town with Burns. When I told him he couldn't, he ran off. (Continued on page 38)



By Latrobe Carroll

HISTORY TURNS A CORNER

On the twelfth of May, George VI will be crowned King of England, with ceremonials more extravagantly glittering than any the world has ever seen.

At eleven o'clock in the morning, the King and Queen will step through the great doors of Buckingham Palace and enter the coronation coach of glass and gold. The coachman will give the signal to his eight cream-colored horses and the coach will start on its journey to Westminster Abbey, taking a tortuous



course so that millions may see the royal pair.

When the Archbishop of Canterbury receives the King at the Abbey and places the crown of Saint Edward on his head, the high moment in a young man's life will have been reached.

The chair the King will occupy has a curious history. Edward I had it made. He had taken the great stone called Lia Fail from Scotland, where it had been used as a seat in coronations. But Edward, loving comfort, refused to sit on it. He had the chair constructed, with a strong shelf beneath to hold Lia Fail.

Thus customs have changed. Gone is the King's Champion who, in full armor, used to enter the banquet hall on horseback and challenge to combat any who questioned the King's right to be crowned. No longer does the Lord Great Chamberlain, on coronation day, hand the King his socks and shirt, and receive in payment nothing less than the King's complete bedroom set!

But it is pleasant to be assured that a mighty Lord will present his King with two falcons obtained—or shall we say borrowed?
—from the zoo.

England, bless her, can be quaint without being absurd!

SMART ONCE, SMART ALWAYS

Do clever children make dull grown-ups? Two Columbia psychologists, Dr. Irving Lorge and Dr. Leta S. Hollingsworth, have undertaken to settle this question. In 1922 they selected from the seven-to-nine aggroup more than a hundred children who had unusually high ratings. They tested these pupils' mental development and recorded the results. Recently they were able to get in

touch with, and to retest, more than half of them. Many, of course, were out of college, or doing postgraduate work.

The psychologists found a startling increase in their intelligence. They had given intermediate tests to many of them, four years ago, and so were able to demonstrate that marked mental development had taken place between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two. This data exploded another theory—that, after sixteen, the brain, however receptive to knowledge it may be, doesn't gain in power. Dr. Lorge states that these young people had taken a long step forward after sixteen, though it left them short of the genius class. They were still normal young Americans.

What Dr. Lorge deplores is that a fund has never been provided to help "top-flight" boys and girls.

SLOW DOWN-AND LIVE

Startling statistics, showing the high cost of carelessness, were made public not long ago. During the past year some thirty-eight thousand five hundred people lost their lives, in this country, as a result of automobile accidents! A million more were injured. An all-time record. Senator Robert R. Reynolds of North Carolina, who has made a study of accident causes, is calling out to the nation: "This must be stopped!"

Strange to the layman is the statement that it is not the congested city areas that are the main scenes of tragedy, but the open rural roads. Here cars are driven, at night, sometimes at sixty, even at eighty miles an hour, when forty miles an hour is usually the limit of speed with safety after dark.

A recent report of the Accident Prevention Conference recommended that car manufacturers limit speed capacity, raise the seats



so that drivers may have a wider range of vision, strengthen cars, and equip them with better lights.

A heartbreaking fact is that the increase in deaths has come largely in the young group—to people under twenty-four. Put this over against the information that eleven of our States do not require drivers to be licensed, that ten others lack strict driving examinations, that second-hand cars which are death traps are purchasable, and one is as roused as the senator.

WORK IS FUN TO A SEAL

Now's the time when circuses are ending their stay in winter quarters. During the cold months, both men and animals have been working hard, practicing old acts and mastering new ones.

Always, among the hardest and most enthusiastic of such winter workers are the sea lions—the "trained seals." If you question circus veterans about these gifted animals you'll learn some interesting facts. Many tent-show features have been stand-bys for centuries, but trained sea lions are, relatively, newcomers.

Unless the records are at fault, Captain Charles F. Adams invented the trained seal act fifty-nine years ago. Adams, watching sea lions at play off the Alaskan coast, had noted



that the animals, after eating all the fish they wanted, would sometimes gather in a group in the ocean, and form a circle. Then a game would begin. A fish, tossed from mouth to mouth, would flash round and round the circle.

Captain Adams thought creatures with such a sense of group play might be trained successfully. He caught a number of California sea lions in nets, in shallow water, taking care not to harm them. Then he built a swimming tank for them.

At first they went on a hunger strike and refused even mackerel and salmon, their favorite foods. When they began to feed, they made a voracious job of it. Oddly enough, they got so used to their new diet—iced fish from the market—that they refused to eat live fish thrown into the tank.

Adams started to train them by hanging a soft rubber ball on an elastic cord from the ceiling of their indoor quarters, thus tempting them to play. By rewarding them with fish when they performed a trick successfully, he had them tossing and balancing balls by the end of several months. But it takes two or three years, now, for a sea lion to complete its elaborate circus course.

Any seal trainer will tell you that Dr. W. Reid Blair, director of the New York Zoological Park, was wrong when he ranked the dog's intelligence higher than the sea lion's. "That's a laugh," one trainer told me. "If a dog can outthink a seal I'll eat a felt hat. Why, I'll even eat a derby!"

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BE YOUR FEET'S BEST FRIEND

Bad feet make bad dispositions. This was one of the facts brought out at a recent gathering of five hundred podiatrists—chiropodists, if you'd rather!—in Boston.

The average person, it appears, walks, during the average lifetime, about sixty-five thousand miles. And yet we so abuse the feet which carry us that nine out of ten people, after fifty, have foot trouble. In the case of school children, sixty-five per cent of the boys and eighty per cent of the girls have foot ailments. The boys are luckier because, for them, high heels are "out." The list of ailments high heels were blamed for, at the convention, included overlapping toes, shortened muscles in the calf of the leg, and nerve strain.

The best sort of feet, the doctors say, are of the short and wide type, and the least to be counted on are the long, narrow, limp ones. It's best to walk with feet parallel (pointing straight ahead). If you toe out, draw a straight line and practice walking on it. If your metatarsal arches are weak, stand on a big flat book and bend your toes downward, or pick up marbles with your toes.

But the great secret is correct, sensible shoes. And, in case of real trouble, a specialist.

WISDOM ON WINGS

Working secretly in a closely guarded plant, with able assistants, one of the most picturesque men in America is trying to build faster, safer airplanes. His name—a familiar one, now—is Howard Hughes. He has already accomplished so much and is such a strenuous worker that, probably, his finest achievements still lie ahead of him.

He was born thirty-two years ago in Houston, Texas, the son of Howard Robard Hughes, a wealthy miner, oil man, tool manufacturer, and inventor. Orphaned at eighteen, he went to Los Angeles to stay with his uncle, Rupert Hughes—the author—who was writing and directing movies. There, the lure of Hollywood caught him.

Dabbling experimentally at first, he was drawn, after some years, into producing films.



Hollywood didn't take him seriously until his vast aviation picture, *Hell's Angels*, made a resounding success.

Then he turned from films to airplane designing and to flying, and began to break records. He wrested the land plane speed blue ribbon from Raymond Delmotte, a Frenchman, by streaking along at three hundred and fifty-two miles per hour. Twice he broke the coast-to-coast record (Los Angeles to New York), the second time in a breathtaking seven hours and twenty-eight minutes.

These flights, air experts say, were not mere hit-or-miss stunts. Hughes is an engineer, a scientist, as well as a pilot. No flyer except Lindbergh, it seems, plans a hop with such care. "Passenger planes will soon be flying from coast to coast in ten hours," he says. Perhaps. If his prediction comes true, it will be due partly to his own experiments and research.

Have you read Capt, von Hoffman's new book "Jerry on Safari"—a story of Africa? Like so many tales of travel and adventure in far countries, it was written on a Corona Typewriter.



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GIRL SCOUTS, INC., NATIONAL EQUIPMENT SERVICE 570 Lexington Ave. New York, N. Y.

HOUSE BY THE ROAD

He's very obstinate, Bubbles is, and you never know what he'll do if you cross him. Of course, I know Burns wouldn't take him, but—"

"Burns isn't quite crazy," said the Imp.
"Well," she added, moving toward the door,
"I'll sleuth around to the garage for the angel
child."

The professor contemplated the growing dusk in a thoughtful silence. Across the carefully landscaped grounds, at the bend of the shrubbery that masked the garage, appeared a little boy, at the side of a slim figure in a gray frock. Was the gray-clad figure the French girl, or was it the Imp? He could not tell.

It was, as a matter of fact, Irene, but it must be said that her young charge was not too pleased to be intercepted by her.

"If I can't go with Burns, can't I go to the station with 'Gustus?" he teased. "Can't we go, both of us?"

"'Gustus isn't going to the station. Burns is going to take the big car to New York, and 'Gustus will drive in with him."

Bubbles scowled and kicked up the gravel. The dusk was upon them now, and a cool, damp wind made Imp shiver; she had neither hat nor coat, and the boy was even more thinly dressed. "Come on in, Bubbly," she urged.

"I don't want to go in. I want you to play with me, Imp." His face brightened suddenly. "Let's play postman!" he cried. "You wait here Imp. and I'll collect my mail."

wait here, Imp, and I'll collect my mail."
"Nonsense. There isn't any mail. And it's too cold to stand here."

"But there is! I know there is!" he urged.
"Just a minute, Imp, won't you? I'll just get
my rural 'livery mail. It's not far. You shut
your eyes and don't look, and I'll run."

"I can't wait till you go to the lower gate," she said decidedly. "It's too far. And there won't be anything in the box when you get there."

"Oh, not that box," he assured her. "It's our secret box—Mammo's and mine. It's quite close."

"Well, hurry, then," she agreed. "I won't look."

But, unconsciously, before she closed her eyes fairly, she saw him run to the old weeping willow, where a sagging, rain-washed bird house hung by a rusty nail. A rotted stump was just below it, and, as her lids dropped loyally, she saw the little figure scrambling up on the stump.

In a few seconds he was back beside her, panting. "Now I'll c'llect in my garage box," he said, importantly. "You wait outside, and I'll run 'round."

"Nonsense," she shivered. "Come on, we'll catch cold. I'll race you in, Bubbly."

"Don't want to. I want to tell good-bye to Burns," he insisted.

"Oh, very well, go and tell him," she answered. "And see here, Bubbles, tell him to get 'Gustus's bag, will you? Snap into it, now!"

Bubbles hurried into the garage, where a dim light was already burning. He was back at her side almost immediately, his big gray eyes wide with excitement.

"Burns isn't going!" he cried. "He's asleep on the floor! It's the new one that's going. He's a French one. He can't talk but a little—like Mammo. But the bag will be all right, he said. He said, 'Tell Mamzelle I am ready when she is.'"

"Why will you make up such stories, Bubbles?" scolded Irene. "The new man hasn't come yet. And he isn't going to be French, either. How can the bag be all right? 'Gus-

tus hasn't sent it down yet. You come straight in here with me."

Seizing him firmly by the hand, she strode into the garage. A tall fellow in livery, with his cap pushed half over his eyes, stood by the car. As she moved nearer, trying to see him more clearly in the dim light, he stamped his feet nervously.

"Vite, vite!" he said. "Entrez, Mademoiselle, entrez!"

The Imp stared harder, but not at him. Greater than her surprise at this greeting was her wonder at the car whose open door she was touching. For it was not the big Packard; it was not any car she had ever seen in the garage before. Surely that was one of those Italian—and then she thought no more, for some one moved, behind her; a hand was clapped over her mouth, and she felt herself being pushed into the car.

If you wish information about how to start a GIRL SCOUT TROOP write to Girl Scouts, Inc., attention Field Division, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

"Easy now—careful! All right then—in we go!" a man's voice—not the Frenchman's—muttered in her ear. She tried to brace herself against the mud guard, but the men lifted her between them and, before she could utter a sound, she was inside, with the door slammed after her. To her amazement, Bubbles was beside her.

Immediately the starter buzzed, and the car slid backward out of the garage, turned sharply, glided down the driveway, and out into the road.

The Imp had never fainted in her life, but she felt like it now. She pounded on the window and ordered the Frenchman, who was driving, to stop the car, but he only put on speed! If she should open the door now—but she and Bubbles would surely be killed if they attempted to jump out.

The little boy was plainly enjoying himself. "Don't make him stop, Impy!" he cried, kicking his feet joyously against the seat. "I like going fast."

It was becoming dark, and Imp had not the remotest idea of their whereabouts beyond the fact that, after a few miles, they had left the State road; the uneven surface had jarred and bumped them for five minutes at least.

At that moment, the car slowed gently and came to a stop. The door opened, and the Frenchman's voice was in her ears. "Enfin, Mademoiselle—descendez!"

The Imp's French was better than the ordinary boarding school variety, and she understood the words. She was to get out. What she did not understand was the man's tone; nothing more cheerful and friendly, more easy-going and good-natured could have been addressed by one old friend to another! Confused, frightened, and suspicious, she pressed closer to Bubbles.

"Descendez! Descendez donc, petite!" the

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

Frenchman repeated, leaning into the car. She huddled against the child and stiffened her body.

"Petite sotte—fini, fini!" He whispered. "Descendez!"

"Petite sotte," indeed! So she was a "little stupid," was she? Well, that remained to be seen. "Why does he keep saying fini?" she wondered. "If it's finished, then what's it all about?"

He repeated the word, and this time he laughed, low but distinctly, and his companion looked over his shoulder, a round, dark head against the evening dusk.

"Aw, come on, Mam'zelle, cut out the Garbo stuff, and let's be on our way!" he growled in a husky whisper, though the utter silence and evident loneliness of the road made such caution unnecessary. "Here, I'll take the kid."

Before she realized how it had happened, she was standing in the road with Bubbles at her side. The boy, his hand tight in hers, stood perfectly still beside her.

They were on a narrow country road in front of a farmhouse; she had never seen it before and had no idea where they were. Besides themselves, the car, and the dark, lonely house, there was nothing and nobody in sight.

"What do you mean by this?" she cried angrily. "I haven't a cent with me. You'd better look out, both of you!"

"Huh?"

The American grunted aloud; his sudden sharp breath sounded through the stillness. The Frenchman uttered a strange, squeaking cry, and, in the fraction of a second, his cap was down to his nose.

Immediately the two men, standing near the engine, burst into a violent, if muttered discussion, the rapid, hissing singsong of the foreigner confused with the angry growling of the American.

The Imp, after a moment's straining attention, realized that any attempt to overhear them was useless, and devoted herself to whispered encouragement to the little boy. Bubbles mustn't be frightened; no one would hurt him. Would he keep quiet and not cry? Did he understand?

Yes, he whispered, he would keep quiet, he really would. What did the new chauffeur want? Whose car was this? Who was that other man?

"I can't tell you now," the Imp assured him.
"Don't make any noise!"

"All right. But you ought to tell some policeman. Here's your bag, Imp," he whispered, and thrust out her little handbag, which she slipped over her wrist mechanically. Even at this moment, it occurred to her to wonder how he happened to have it.

Now the Frenchman stepped nearer. Between the brim of his cap and the turned-up collar of his chauffeur's overcoat, only his long nose and sweeping dark mustache were

"You vill please not to be afraid," he said carefully. "No one 'urt you, mees. Zee bos' of you is all right. No one 'urt ze little boy. Eet is meestake—vous comprenez?"

"Then take us back this minute!" Irene's breath caught embarrassingly, but her tone was dictatorial. "I told you we had no money!"

"Non, non, Mademoiselle, no one take your money," he answered soothingly. "No one take nozzing at all! Ve cannot take you back—je le regrette infiniment. Zere is no

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time for it. You will please come to zis 'ouse -and be very still."

"I sha'n't go into that house!" "Vite!" he said sharply.

She might not have known that "vite" meant "quick," but her muscles knew what his tone meant. Her legs carried her, quite automatically, up the three stone steps of the bank, along a little path, and into a chilly, almost empty kitchen, Bubbles at her side.

The door closed behind them and now, for the first time, the Imp trembled. She felt the muscles of her legs shaking violently, and it was a most unpleasant sensation. The Frenchman struck a match and she threw a rapid glance around the room. Except for an old woven wire bedspring with a heavy blanket over it, a rickety kitchen chair, and a wooden box stood on end to serve as a table for a small kerosene lamp, the place was empty. It had evidently been abandoned for some time, for it was damp and cold, and the musty odors of disuse hung over it. Across its three windows heavy pieces of cloth had been pinned The Frenchman lit the lamp with one hand, and she saw a pistol in the other. Then, facing the two, he began to speak.

"You vill please to stay here, mees," he said. "Eet is all right. Soon you vill go ome. Sure. I am sorry. My friend, he stay here-outside. Eef anyone come out from zis 'ouse, my friend shoot 'im. 'E shoot very good. Un peu plus tard—you spik French, Mademoiselle?"

"No," she said, on a sudden impulse. If he thought her ignorant of his language, he might use it more freely with his companion and give her some clue to this wild nightmare, which, unless it concealed some ugly catch as yet unguessed by her, seemed to mean no harm to her and the child.

What was the use in telling him that she knew "un peu plus tard" meant "a little later"? What was going to happen, a little later? She repeated curtly, "No, I don't speak

"Tant pis—all the worse—I spik bad English, too!" the man replied. "I go two hour -eight o'clock, nine o'clock, maybe. I call up a telephone, to your 'ome, you see? Not me, maybe, but someone I vill tell. 'E vill say, 'Zoze people w'ot you want, you go to zat 'ouse-voila! No one 'urt bos' of zem. All r-right.' W'en your frien's come-you You see?"

"I see, all right," said the Imp coldly. "I can't have my aunt frightened to death about

the little boy. Will you surely call up?"
"Sure t'ing, Mademoiselle," he answered.
"Sure, sure! Au revoir, Mademoiselle, I am sorry you get scared."

He nodded to Bubbles. "Don't cry-you go 'ome quick!" he said in a pleasant, natural One hand on the door knob, he turned

"You know w'at I say—my friend shoot very good. 'E is sorry—but—" His broad shoulders rose in a helpless shrug.

"Oh, we'll stay," Irene said sullenly. He slipped out and, a moment later, they heard the buzz of the starter. A grinding whir, a quick change of gears. The car was on its way.

The Imp made a little grimace. "Well—that's that!" She opened the bag on her wrist, drew out a gold vanity case, abstracted a powder puff, and applied it thoughtfully to her nose. 'Gustus had been heard to say that, if rescued from ship wreck, Imp, or any of her friends, would powder their noses before taking to the lifeboats.

Pushing back the empty case, her fingers encountered the smooth texture of linen. The feeling was different, somehow, from her handkerchiefs, and as she drew the white fabric out instinctively, she felt herself clutching something rolled in it. Staring at it, perplexed, she unrolled it, and there fell into her lap a chain of milky beads with a well-known diamond clasp-Christy's wedding pearls!

'For gosh sakes!" she breathed, and shot a swift glance at Bubbles. He was creeping from window to window, absorbed in lifting alternate corners of the old shawls that darkened them, and then dropping them timorously. It was plain that he longed for courage to peep out, but lost it at each attempt.

The Imp crowded the creamy globes in her palm. Then that was it! But how had those pearls got into her bag? And why should those men give the bag to her and run away?

Wait a minute-they hadn't! Bubbles had thrust the bag at her and she had slipped it over her wrist half unconsciously. Then, did they think they had it now? But—in that case—wouldn't they come back? To give Christy's pearls to those dirty thieves! Her jaw set, her eyes roved swiftly around the bare room.

"Not a chance!" she whispered.

An old iron sink, rusty and sagging, stood in one corner; in it stood a bottle of milk, half empty, an opened package of coffee, a torn carton of sugar, and a half loaf of bread. Below it was a small tin outfit-pannikin, plate, and frame for supporting a metal container of solidified alcohol.

The Imp had seen such an affair used at picnics. As she stared at this collection of objects, her lips tightened, and in two long, smooth steps she was at the sink. With another glance at the child's unconscious back, she pushed the necklace down into the package of sugar, crowding it well under the white granules. If they did come back, they wouldn't find it there in a hurry!

(To Be Continued)

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THE HURRY-UP MYSTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

saying, 'The more haste, the less speed.' Sometimes a person can go faster by standing still than by running. A man standing on the top of a railway car goes faster than a man trying

to run alongside of it. Quite often, at least." Is that a riddle?" Art asked. "I didn't know we were playing riddles; I thought we were trying to catch a thief."

Well, I admit that Betty Bliss can be very aggravating sometimes, but she usually knows what she is about so I kept my mouth shut. Dick couldn't keep his shut; he does think he is smart.

"And this doesn't look like a railway car to me," he said. "It looks like Simpsons' porch to little Dicky Prince. If you ask me, girls and boys, I'll say we seem to be just standing here and not getting anywhere."

"I think we are," Betty said sweetly. "At least, if we are standing still, time is passing. So we are really moving from now to later in the afternoon. And that is really quite im- Grocer's Name. (Continued on page 41)



HAVE you often found yourself in my situation, I wonder, when summer vacation days come along? You have plenty of time, at last, for your hobby—but you are off in the country, miles away from the library which has just the book you need to tell you this or that!

"Why didn't I think of it before," you say to yourself, "and bring that book along?"

The answer, of course, is the Girl Scout motto, Be Prepared—and it is that thought which has led me to these April books, with the hope that, in their variety, you may find your own hobby.

When it comes to how-to-do books, one requirement is of first importance—does the book inspire you to make what it describes? And are the directions so clear and complete that you feel certain you can do so? Of course, there are other points to be taken into consideration, too. The articles described must be worth the making, the materials must not be too expensive, and must be readily obtainable. But a how-to-do book could fulfil these last two requirements, and still be complicated and dull and uninteresting.

Whittling and Woodcaving by E. J. Tangerman (Whittlesey House) cordially invites you to try these arts. I am one who has never even started upon anything with a knife-yer with these clear, excellent pictures of the various kinds of knives and their uses, I could get together the right equipment, I know. What would I make first? One of the simple things which are conveniently grouped, described, and pictured for the beginner. Perhaps, just for fun, I would start on some Walnut-shell Whimsies, and use them for place cards at a party. Or I might take some peachstones, and see whether or not I really could make a monkey like the one in the picture.

When I became a bit more expert, I would make some of the toys, or puzzles for my Christmas list. And I wouldn't be confused about the kind of wood for each, because the book has a chapter on wood, with excellent photographs of each kind, together with a discussion of its characteristics. Yes, this is a fascinating book. And I am not surprised that The Girl Scout Leader has described it as "a complete guide to the girl who likes to shape wood with tools."

A NOTHER fine book is The Leathercraftsmann by W. E. Snyder (Grafton and Knight). As Whittling and Woodcarving does, it begins with the history of the craft of which it treats. Here are photographs from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, showing the beauty which artists in wood and in leather created in times gone by—doors,

By HELEN FERRIS

Editor-in-Chief, Junior Literary Guild

breath-taking in their beauty, bookbindings from ancient Persia, an Italian leather chest. There are chapters on the Making of Leather, Craft Leathers, Tools and Miscellaneous Accessories, Steps in Making a Leathercraft Article, Lacing, Types of Decoration—all described in detail, together with many photographs and diagrams.

Braiding and Knotting for Amateurs by C. A. Belash (Beacon Press) is a book which I am not surprised to see was written in the workshop, for it, too, is full of practical suggestions. The many photographs of what you can produce if you braid with one, two, three, or more strands—if you work this way, or that way, or the other way—made my fingers itch for some strands of raffia to braid a raffia hat! Or perhaps I would make an oval rug like the one in the picture, to put in front of our fireplace.

If you wish to try your hand at flat braiding, you might make—in addition to the oval rug or mat—a hat, sandals, a suede leather belt, or a bracelet. If solid braiding attracts you, here is a bracelet, a Scout's lanyard, a dog leash, and other articles. The various knots will be easily made by a Girl Scout's nimble fingers, with a shade pull, a knotted bracelet, a belt, or a knotted bag to show for ber skill

But summer days bring outdoor hobbies, as well. And, more and more, girls and boys are enjoying archery. Modern Methods in Archery by Reichart and Keasey (A. S. Barnes) is a book which convinces you that, if you had had it last summer, you wouldn't have been quite so stupid at that lawn party! I am thinking of a certain party, as I write, from which my awkwardness sent me home with a lame wrist to nurse.

Looking at the photographs of the correct position of the hand on the bow, and the correct position of the fingers on the string—and the incorrect position—I can see what I did and did not do. Which is why these first chapters on Teaching an Archery Group are for others beside those who are planning to teach archery. You will enjoy having this book if you have an archery set at home, or in camp. And if you have not yet bought one, the chapters on Archery Equipment for Target Shooting, and the Care of Archery Equipment will save you from mistakes.

You and Your Camera by Eleanor King and Wellmer Pessels (Harper) is written by two camera enthusiasts who have not forgotten the problems with which they wrestled when they began taking pictures. Their suggestions, therefore, are full of common sense. I especially like the quotation from the famous photographer, Anton Bruehl, "Don't feel that you must photograph your friends. Don't take a whole landscape if you are interested only in a tree. Don't take a whole tree if you are interested only in a tree. Don't take a whole tree if you are interested only in one apple on the limb. Photograph the apple, and the apple only, and let your friends say what they will."

I liked, too, the suggestions of the authors on how to find pictures. And I was interested in their stories of young amateur photographers who have turned their hobby to earning money. Their idea that amateurs should show their movies for the enjoyment of children in hospitals and clubs is a kind of social service which many a Girl Scout can give.

A ND now for some books that are not how-to-do volumes, but are fun to have near-by during summer days. As I took up one of these to read, and looked at its title, memory of a certain happy day flashed into my mind. My traveling companion and I were on a beautiful beach—white dunes, with the tide low and the gift of the waves before us. Shells and shells! Neither of us knew anything about them, scientifically, but that didn't keep us from making our own collection.

"Let's see how many different color combinations we can find," said my friend—and we were off! Every now and then we sat down in the warm sand to inspect our treasures and discard the two-of-a-kinds. And when, at length, the sun began to set and we knew our beautiful afternoon was over, our hands as well as our pockets were filled with our collection, and our hearts were aglow with the beauty the shells had given us.

So it was that I read Strange Sea Shells and their Stories by A. Hyatt Verrill (L. C. Page) with special interest. And I recommend it to you, even though you may live far from the ocean's shore. Mr. Verrill has tramped along the coasts of both temperate and tropical seas, and all along the way he has been keenly aware of the fascinating variety in nature. After a chapter on shells and how they are made, he turns to the strange ways of baby shells; shells that are lefthanded; shells that burrow and bore; shells that are used as money, that play hide and seek, that throw out anchors. Many illus-

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trations show just what these shells are like. Strange Insects and their Stories, a companion volume by the same author, (L. C. Page), brought another picture vividly to my mind-a bright flower garden against an old stone wall, an eager gardener bending over a cherished plant, and a quick groan, These aphids! Now I'll have to spray." Every gardener knows what that means-the battle against insects. Yet Mr. Verrill reminds us that insects are also among our valued helpers. Do not bees carry pollen? Would we have silk, wax, honey, shellac, cochineal dye, and other useful products without insects?

But whether friends, or enemies, many insects are to be numbered among nature's fantastic manifestations. Insect boatmen, fishermen, and pirates; insect magicians; insect bugaboos; insects that play hide-and-seek; that carry lanterns. You need not be a scientist to understand and enjoy this book. And, although it did not make me feel more kindly toward the aphids with whom, I know, we must battle for our flowers' lives this summer, nevertheless it did make me anticipate putting them under our microscope-when and if I can!

Have you ever had books or magazines in your house which had in them miscellaneous sections of information-pictures of almost anything under the sun, with a brief description to go with each? My brother and I had an old set of magazines-I wish I knew now what they were-which contained such a section in the back of each number. Poring over these pages, there came to us, there in our attic, an ever-growing realization of the wonders of the world, and a dim resolve to see as much of it as we could. Now, here are books which are bursting with just such pictured and printed delight, and prepared by an eminent scientist so that you may feel confident about their information-the New Champlin Encyclopedia for Young People (Henry Holt). The two volumes which I have before me are those on Science and Invention, and I have been having the best time reading about Buoys-because I went to Nantucket a few summers ago; about Fire Extinguishers-because we need one in the country; and about the Japanese Tea Ceremony-because I have always been interested in that. In other words here is an alphabetized, pictorial book of information for young readers, well worth having in your home, or your Girl Scout library.

HURRY-

I give up!" Dick cried, throwing up his hands and making a face. "It sounds crazy to But I'm only a poor silly Inspector. anybody asked me for my opinion-which I don't suppose anybody will-I'd say 'Let's get busy! Let's do something about something!

'Honest, Super," Art seconded him earnestly, "I do think we ought to get going. This Detective Club is going to get an awful slam if Delia here has to tell Mrs. Simpson we did nothing at all."

'Very well," said Betty briskly. "The Inspector desires action, and action we shall have. Inspector Prince, I believe you were the first to mention Mr. Brambo-

'He did not," said Art. "I did."

"Then I will give you the bird store assignment," said Betty. "You will proceed to Mr. Brambo's bird store, Inspector Dane, and, without arousing in him a suspicion that anything is wrong, you will engage him in a conversation about canary birds. You will prob-

ably know how to do that-you might begin by asking him, 'Do you sell many canary birds, Mr. Brambo?'

"I'll know how to get him talking, don't "I know Brambo; he's you worry," said Art. all right. All the fellows go in and ask him about the birds he has, and the fish, and pup-

"Excellent, Inspector," said Betty in her detective manner. "When, then, you best detective manner. have gotten Mr. Brambo in a talkative mood, you will inquire casually if he ever has any transactions in canary bird eggs. If he says 'No,' you may thank him and return here. If he says, 'Yes,' you will ask him if he has had any such deals lately, and with whom and

"And then come back here and tell you?" said Art.

"Why, yes," said Betty, "if you want to." Art made a grimace because he thought Betty was being high-hat with him, but he

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

started for Brambo's bird shop in a hurry. I saw him running down the street, keeping his elbows close to his sides and I knew he was breathing the way he told me Yale College long-distance runners are taught to breathe-two breaths in and one out, two breaths in and one out. He did not want to reach Brambo's so breathless he could not talk.

"Action! Action! We must have action!"
Betty cried, clapping her hands. "Inspector Prince, get busy and search the yard. Search the bushes around the porch here and search the bushes along the fence. Bring what you

What shall I look for?" Dick asked. It



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could not be footprints because Betty had said to bring what he found to her. mean it will be the eggs, do you?"

"I do not "No, Inspector," said Betty. know that you will find anything, but, if you do, it will be reading matter.

Dick went down the porch steps and began the search of the bushes there. We could hear him pushing the lithe branches aside as he peered into the bushes.

I think he is more likely to find what I have in mind in the bushes by the fence,' Betty said, "but no matter. If it is there, it will be found sooner or later. Inspector Madge, do you want to be given active duty?

"I'd rather stay with you, Superintendent," I told her. "Honestly, Betty, you've got a look on your face as if you were the cat that had already eaten the canary. I'll stay here, if you don't mind, and see what happens."

And you, Inspector Dot?" Betty asked. I think we ought to do anything we can," Dot said meekly.

'Just so," said Betty. "A worthy feeling, Inspector Dot. We should all do what we can. You will proceed down the porch steps and out of the yard, and turn either to the left, or to the right, and—" Betty paused. really should have two for this assignment," she said, "one to go to the left, and one to go to the right. You are sure you do not

want to go, Inspector Madge?"
"No," I said positively, "I do not."

'Edwin ought to be home any time now," Delia said. "He could help you, Miss Betty. He'd be glad to. He'll be almost as upset as his Ma will be over the stolen eggs. He was as keen about them as if they were his own canaries.

"You think he will be here soon?" asked Betty.

"He ought to have been here long ago, school being out at three o'clock and all, but you know how boys are, Miss Betty-they will stop and play."

Especially when they know their mothers are out driving and won't be home till later, said Betty. "Yes, I know boys! Very well, then, Inspector Dot, you will turn to the left when you leave the yard. Proceed slowly in the general direction taken by Inspector Arthur Dane, but keep your eyes on the trees.

"On the trees?" Dot asked, probably thinking she had not heard correctly.

'At a height from fifteen to twenty feet from the ground and upward," said Betty.
"You might look for a nest in a tree that

is easy to climb."
"Betty!" I cried, and corrected myself. 'Superintendent!" I substituted because it made Betty cross to be called Betty when she was being a detective. "I know what you are The thief hasn't any canary, so he thinking! had to use another bird's nest. That's it, isn't it?"

'It might be, mightn't it?" Betty asked.

"And that's why you've been in no hurry, you clever girl," I went on. "You guessed the eggs would be there and would not be getting cold. Dot, I'll go with you. I'll help you find a'nest.'

I think Inspector Dot can handle the assignment alone," Betty said rather coldly. offered you active duty and you refused it. I do not like to have my Inspectors change their minds. Go ahead, Inspector Dot. Report back as soon as you have found an easily reached nest."

Well, I knew Betty was spoofing in giving me that reprimand for changing my mind. Anyone would know that two could find a nest in a tree quicker than one could, and I

looked at Betty with a grin on my face. She did not fool me at all. I knew by the innocent air she tried to assume that she believed she had the canary egg mystery solved, and that the solution was apt to make itself known any minute, and that she was just vain enough to want at least one of us to be on hand to see her triumph.

"I think," she said, when Dot had disappeared down the street looking up into the trees, and Dick was searching the bushes at the front of the Simpson yard, "I think we had better go inside the house if Delia doesn't mind.

'Why, not at all, Miss Betty," Delia said, and the three of us went in. Betty turned to the left and went into the living room. She pushed the window curtain a little to one side so we could see the porch, and we all sat

"I believe," she said, "the case is solved. Something we saw almost as soon as we came up on the porch was the clue to the mystery of the missing eggs. All I ask now is that we all keep quite still when anyone comes onto the porch, which should be in a few minutes."

AS IF she had known he would come just A then, Dick came onto the porch. He called "Super!" and Betty hurried to the door. She told him to come in.

"I found it, if this is the reading matter you meant," Dick said, showing a strap with five school books in it. "It's a sort of reading matter, anyway."

"Edwin's homework school books; just what I thought you would find," Betty said. 'Sit down, Dick, and keep quiet if Edwin comes on the porch, and you will see something, if I am not mistaken."

"You don't suspect Edwin, do you, Miss Betty?" Delia asked.

"I think he took the three eggs," said Betty. "I don't believe he tried to sell them to Mr. Brambo. We know he broke one, letting it fall when he climbed over the porch railing, and I think he put two in a nest, probably in a robin's nest, the one Dot is looking for."

Inspector Dot," I said, tickled that I could correct Betty.

"Yes, Inspector Dot," Betty said, accepting the correction. "Let us see what the facts are: Mrs. Simpson is out of the house, enjoying her first drive in a long while. She has recovered from a nervous illness in which her canaries, and the eggs laid by the little hen canary, were her greatest pleasure and a means of aiding her recovery. Does Edwin love his mother, Delia?"

"Oh, Miss Betty, he worships her!" Delia "He'd do anything for her. That's why I'd never believe he stole the eggs she was so interested in."

"On the contrary," said Betty, "that is exactly why he did take them. Inspector Art when he returns will, I believe, report that Edwin bought three canary eggs there to-day.'

"But why," I asked, "would he do that?" To substitute for the other three eggs," Betty said with a knowing smile. "Consider this-Mrs. Simpson was intensely interested in the canaries and Edwin knew it. The doctor probably said it was important that Mrs. Simpson have something to interest her, and no doubt Edwin heard him.'

"He did that," said Delia. "I was there." "So Edwin-all the little wild birds laying eggs just then-thought of eggs for the canary. He knew his mother would be delighted if her canary laid an egg. So Edwin took an egg from a robin's nest and put it under the little canary hen. Delia, was Mrs. Simpson pleased?"

"Oh, Miss Besty, you should have heard how pleased she was!"

"So Edwin, being a loving son, put another egg in the canary's nest, and then another, but—"

"I know!" I said excitedly.

"Exactly, Inspector," said Betty. "The time neared when the eggs were to hatch, and Edwin feared the effect on his mother if her three new canaries turned out to be robins, and he—"

The telephone rang just then and Delia answered it.

"It's Mr. Arthur," she said. "He's at Brambo's. He thought you'd want to know that Master Edwin bought three canary eggs there not half an hour ago."

"Half an hour ago," said Betty. "He will be here any minute now."

"But Betty," I asked, "how ever in the world did you guess all that?"

"In detective circles we do not call it guessing, Inspector Madge; we call it reasoning,"
Betty said. "There was nothing else I could think—the broken egg on the porch was a robin's egg. Hush!"

It was Edwin coming up onto the porch. He hesitated a moment, looking all around, and then drew a small box from his pocket. He took off the lid, opened the little hen canary's cage door, and put three little eggs in the nest. As he came toward the door he was smiling.

"Edwin," said Delia as he entered the house, "come in—here's some young folks to see you, I'll get some cake and lemonade."

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R ELLEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

RINGER

"Andy Otis says you only threw thirty feet!"
"Of course! That's the regulation distance for women."

"Well, now—if I'd known you were—" Ellen's voice was just loud enough to be heard along the counter.

"You mean you don't want to play for the dance tickets?"

Tank's face became a violent red.

"We'll play you any time for anything!"
As if this were what she had been waiting
for, Ellen reached out and shook Tank's hand.

"Done! Hedda and I will toss you and Bilge one fifty point game right now for Mr. Patch's high-score cup—and the tickets!"

"With the girls throwing from thirty feet!"

Andy Otis, Milbrook's football coach, was conferring with the donor of the trophy when the four high-scorers arrived at the pit. He offered to be referee, and his first task on taking over the job was to mark off thirty feet from each stake.

"The girls throw from there," said the coach to no one in particular. But Tank

Beegle grunted.

As Ellen and Tank picked up their shoes, Ellen felt that perhaps she had bitten off more than she could chew. Two weeks intensive practice had given her a certain skill, but that was far too short a time to learn this game well. Hadn't Ezra Patch said that, after you once learned the right form, it took a year to be really good?

Ellen's two practice throws were wobbly. So were Hedda's. Tank and Bilge threw much better, though without form. Their shoes turned a dozen times in the air; but they were accurately placed, digging in close to the stake.

A large spectator gallery was collecting around the horseshoe pit, for Ezra and his cronies had seen to it that word spread rapidly about the match.

"Ready?" asked Andy Otis. "Championship rules. Five points for ringers, and one point each for the two shoes nearest the stake —if they're the same player's. Miss Wakefield has the honor—she'll throw last."

Tank protested this slight advantage. "Let's toss for the honor!"

Ezra Patch lifted his bushy eyebrows.
"We mustn't have old-fashioned ideas of politeness in this game," said Ellen to Andy Otis, with an arch glance at Tank. "Go

ahead and let's see who can win the toss."

Losing the flip, Tank was first to spin his two shoes toward the stake at which stood Bilge Wyeth and Hedda Vaughn. When both shoes landed two inches from the pin,

Tank smiled.

Ellen made two easy throws. Slowly turning in the air, each shoe arrived open end toward the stake, but short. And the first two points went to Tank and Bilge.

Reaching down to pick up their shoes, Hedda and Bilge bumped heads. And their joint confusion brought such a laugh from the spectators that none of their shoes even landed in the box.

The score still was 2-0 as Ellen's first pitch hit the stake and bounced six inches off. When her second landed within two inches of the mark, her heart was beating fast. Outwardly she appeared calm, however, as she watched Tank settle into his usual accurate game. Both shoes landed closer to the stake than hers, and Ellen saw the boys' score mount to 4.

As Hedda prepared to throw again, Ellen could see that her partner had not regained control. Hedda's hand shook, her grip on the shoes was so uncertain that neither came within eight inches of its mark. But Bilge had not got over his confusion, either, and only one of his tosses came within the required six-inch radius of the stake. Boys 5, girls 0.

Ellen threw carefully. Her first shoe, rising gracefully and taking a slow one-and-a-quarter turn, clanged on top of the stake, to bound away to a muttered "Oh-h-h!" from the crowd. The second pitch was an inch short! But Tank could not beat it, and the score was 5 to 1.

Now it seemed to Ellen that Hedda was settling down. After Bilge's two pitches dug into the clay three inches from the stake at the finish of their mad spins, Hedda's first throw landed on top of one of Bilge's shoes. Though it slithered off, her second toss clanked against the stake and stood there—a leaner, counting one point and making the total 5-2.

As Tank again took careful aim, Ellen once more felt a sinking sensation. When both Tank's shoes spun close to the stake, her heart pounded faster than ever. But she took plenty of time for her turn. And her first shoe, arching perfectly toward the pin, arrived open end and circled the stake.

There was a shout of approval from the audience. And though Ellen's second pitch went wild, the score (Continued on page 45)

IF YOU ARE SELECTING CLASS INSIGNIA











CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: I have been getting this grand magazine for quite a time now, but I have never written before. I think the stories outweigh the articles in some issues, but vice versa in others. One of the best articles we have had yet is the one in November about binding books. I bound one volume of my AMERICAN GIRL and a volume of some other booklets.

The articles on maps and The Thin World were very good, also, Four to Six came in handy (like Miss Pierce's other articles) because I was planning to give a tea. The Blue Caravan and Byng Takes a Hand were the best stories in January, in my estimation. The Treasure of Castle Sonnenberg and High Tide in Normandy were the best in February.

I think the serials get better, the more we have. Quarry Hill was very, very good, and The House by the Road is very promising.

More Orson Lowell cover designs, please! The blue jays were very pretty. Why not have an article on making clay pottery?

I do not have to say anything about the Girl Scout features for everyone knows they are good.

Lorraine Piper

THE NEW STORIES

WASHINGTON. DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for three years, but I have never written to you before. The story that gets the credit for my inspiration is The House by the Road. One reason it is so good is because it is so differentand another is the splendid illustrations by Harvé Stein.

Those dog stories we have had in the last few issues have been among my favorites, especially Byng Takes a Hand with those lifelike illustrations by Robert L. Dickey. Among my favorite characters are Bushy and Lofty.

When I saw in Jean and Joan that we were to have a serial by Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis, I could hardly wait for it to come, since I had recently read a book by the same authors which I classed as one of my favorite books. Quarry Hill lived up to all my expectations.

There are so many good things about THE AMERICAN GIRL that I can think of no suggestions for improvement.

Frances Gardner

WHAT ILLUSTRATIONS CAN DO

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA: After reading THE AMERICAN GIRL for February, I decided it was high time for me to write and tell you what I think of the magazine. And I can tell you just that in two words-it's wonderful! I enjoy the stories ever so much; and even the articles in this magazine arouse my interest, something which all other magazines fail to do. I especially enjoy the Etiquette Series, and I thought the article, Zapotec Wedding, particularly good.

High Tide in Normandy was very good, in my opinion, and I was decidedly interested in "mascaret," Also, three cheers for our new serial, The House by the Road! It is certainly starting out well, and I can hardly wait until my next issue comes.

The illustrations for Marianne were awfully cute, and I wish that sometime we could have drawings like those for the Art Series. And, speaking of drawings, I was looking over some of my old AMERICAN GIRLS and I happened to notice that the covers I thought loveliest were by Elizabeth Jones. I admired them very much-in fact so much that I was torn between a desire to cut them out for a scrap book I am making, and the feeling that I ought to leave them where they belong, on the front of the magazine. Finally I decided in favor of the former. However, instead of putting them into my scrap book, I pasted them on the front of my notebooks for school. They turned out to be very attractive and I turned out to be very pleased. So you see what lovely illustrations can do for us!

Barbara Gilliam

OUR NEW SERIAL

FONDA, NEW YORK: The February issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL is about the best magazine I have read. The Girl Scout features were very interesting and, as I always enjoy reading about other countries, I liked the article, Zapotec Wedding, especially well. I hope there will be more like it soon.

The House by the Road starts out to be perfectly thrilling. I can hardly wait until the next number comes.

Audrey Walta

PLENTY TO DO

ST. JAMES, MINNESOTA: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for almost a year. If I did not have it, I know now what I would miss.

Last winter, while I was staying in town with my girl friend. I came to know the magazine. She had gotten it for Christmas that year. I read some of the stories and articles and liked them very much. When I came home, I asked Father to get it for me He always wants me to have plenty to do, and so he sent for it.

I am very much interested in all the stories and articles. When I read the stories, it almost makes me think that I am one of the characters. One department, that I am very much interested in, is When Stamps Are Your Hobby, for my hobby is stamps.

I think it is a good idea to have one issue each year as an International Number. I am interested in what girls in other countries are doing and I'd like to know more of them

Alice Beck

GAY COVERS

BANGOR, MAINE: One day last fall, as I was walking through our school library, the gay cover of THE AMERICAN GIRL for October met my eye. The cover was partly the reason why I took out the magazine, but also the name, THE AMERICAN GIRL, appealed to me. It surely is an appropriate name for a girls' magazine. So you see that, even before I opened the cover, I knew that I would be sold" on this magazine.

After that I continued to get it at school but, as the demand for it is so great, one girl can keep it out just over night or pay a fine. and you really can't get the good of THE AMERICAN GIRL in one day so I wanted a subscription of my own. Well, I got it for Christmas! My brother gave it to me.

First, in my estimation, come the articles by Beatrice Pierce and Hazel Rawson Cades. I read them at least twice. I just love the Bushy and Lofty stories; they are so true to life. I've started The House by the Road and it promises to be perfectly wonderful.

Peggy Kelley

MORE ABOUT PHYL AND MEG

CLENDENIN, WEST VIRGINIA: We want more about Phyllis's and Meg's adventures, like Resolution Hall! Bushy and Lofty are just grand, too. Because I have an older brother just like Lofty, I enjoy the stories that much more. Troubled Waters was grand, too. Can't we have more about Libby and Kit on Piper's Island including Constance and Jenks?

I'm a regular bookworm and I know good reading when I see it. I simply lose myself in this wonderful magazine. I can't understand how I ever got along without it.

Virginia Rhodes

THANK YOU, BETTY

ARLINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS: I have just started reading THE AMERICAN GIRL. I want to tell you I think it is one of the finest magazines I have ever read.

I was visiting at a friend's house and, liking to read, I picked up the magazine. I enjoyed the stories so much that I talked about it a lot, and my dad gave me a subscription for a Christmas present. It was one of the nicest gifts I received.

Betty J. Prout

A RINGER FOR ELLEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

was 7 for the girls, to 5 for Tank and Bilge.
From then on, the contest was a ding-dong battle. Ellen and Hedda held their lead for several turns. Then the boys caught up and passed them. Again the girls went out in front, only to drop behind.

With the count 35-34 against them, Ellen could see that the strain was telling on Hedda. Hedda wanted so much to win that she was pressing, her muscles tightening with each throw so that her form was entirely lost. The harder she tried, the wilder she threw. When Hedda twice missed the box completely, Ellen knew that it was up to her to save the game.

She was sure that against Hedda's present playing Bilge would get at least one point each turn. That meant she must make up extra points on Tank! But Tank now was throwing with all the accuracy he liked to boast about. What a spot to be in! What were Ezra Patch and his friends thinking now?

At 47 to 38 Ellen, too, began to press. One shoe shot over the stake; the other, taking several turns, fell short. She had neither the range, nor the control, necessary to send the irons straight and sure to the peg. But, with the count 49 to 39, she pulled herself together. One shoe, dropping in what seemed a possible ringer, stayed so close to the stake that neither of Tank's could beat it. But how long could she and Hedda stave off the one point needed to bring victory to the boys?

Ellen's heart was in her mouth as Bilge Wyeth, seemingly as undisturbed by the situation as if he were a man from another planet, spun two shoes within an inch of the stake. Unless Hedda got a ringer, the girls had practically no chance now. Bilge's shoes lay too close to the pin.

The first shoe was high, so high that it carried well beyond the box.

"Maybe she'd rather throw forty feet," gibed Tank.

Ellen paid no attention. Her eyes were on the second shoe, which turned slowly as it traveled toward her. There was a clang of iron against iron. And Ellen held her breath, for Hedda's second shoe, striking on top of Bilge's had slid and lay overlapping!

There was a momentary hush as Andy Otis knelt down to determine which shoe was closest. It seemed like an eternity before he rose, nodding his head.

"One point for Miss Vaughn," he announced. "The score is 49 to 41 in favor of

Mr. Beegle and Mr. Wyeth." Still only one point for the boys to go!

As she waited while Tank deliberately sent his shoes on their madly spinning way, Ellen thanked her stars that the chances of his ringing the stake with that system were small. But when both shoes dug into the clay, an inch only from the pin, Ellen knew that the end had come.

But had it? The white-haired secretary of the Milbrook Historical Society was trying to catch her eye. And the smile of encouragement on his seamed face was backed by a gesture of striking one fist against the other palm. Beside him, three other old men were making exactly the same gesture.

Why, they expected her to win!

It seemed in this crisis that a calm dropped over Ellen. She wasn't beaten yet! Why, Tank's shoes were a whole inch from the stake!

Her slender body relaxed. She felt as if she were in the backyard of the Historical Society, being coached by Ezra and his cronies. That was it! Of course! It was simple to get ringers. You just held the shoe properly, took an easy swing, and the shoe did the rest. Like this—

Ellen's arm swung up, the shoe turned slowly in the air, and began to drop with its open end pointing at the pin. Down it fell, to the shouts of excited spectators, a ringer! This was fun! In the girl's eyes was a glow of confidence, and her arm rose once more.

As the shoe traveled, Ellen's heart bounded. And before the second iron ever clanked around the stake, she knew it would be another ringer. It was! Her ten points made the final score 51 to 49 in favor of the girls, and four old men were jumping up and down, and slapping each other on the back!

Then Ezra Patch was holding out a silver cup, and saying something about "Miss Hedda who saved the game, and Miss Ellen who won it, with a fine exhibition of good form against mere strength."

"What's that crack?" demanded Tank Beegle.

Hedda Vaughn was reaching for the trophy.
"He said that your taking us to the dance to-night is a splendid example of good form."
"Bah!" said Tank

"Bah!" said Tank.
"Look, Tank!" said Ellen. Casually she
threw a shoe toward the opposite stake. It
clanked on—another ringer!

"That," she observed with a smile that took the sting out of her words, "was from forty feet!"



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BY DOROTHY M. WESTFALL

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MARQUE PUZZLE



THE PIANO PLAYER

Music hath its charms, they say, but in order to produce charming music much time must be spent in study and practice. Any Girl Scout who is taking piano lessons will tell you this.

Here we have a studious young miss working faithfully at the keyboard. At the first quick glance our picture, as well as its subject, seems to have harmony and order. But look sharp-take time and make note of each line, bar none. Do they seem to be natural, and do they seem to scale up to full measure of perfection? No, indeed, rest assured you will find false notes, and flat discord. There are at least fourteen mistakes in this picture. so see how many you can discover.

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square.

- 1. A short comedy.
- 2. To embellish.
- 3. A mechanical man.
- 4. An old woman.
- 5. To come in.

WORD JUMPING

By changing one letter in a word at a time, change TENT to LAKE in five moves.

A DANCE CHARADE

My first is in "Rumba" but never in "Continental."

My second is in "Continental" but never in "Tango.

My third is in "Tango" but never in Rumba.

My fourth is in "Rumba" but never in the Westchester.

My fifth is in the "Westchester" but never in the "Waltz."

My sixth is in the "Waltz" and also in the Fox Trot.

My whole is a dance popular in George Washington's generation.

By ISABEL M. COOPER,

Kew Gardens, New York

ADD A LETTER

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following ten words, ten new words will be formed. The ten added letters spell the name of a famous fairy tale girl. 1. Hair 2. Deal 3. Ear 4. Ate 5. Bony 6. Ate 7. Quality 8. Able 9. One 10. Mend

By NANCY OLSON,

Winnetka, Illinois

AN ENIGMA

I am the name of a famous German musical composer and contain eighteen letters.

My 8, 16, 17, and 9, is a baking apparatus. My 4, 15, 7, and 11, means to have made into cloth.

My 3, 2, 18, and 12, is a sand hill.

My 1, 5, 6, 14, and 13, is illumination.

My 10 is the second letter in the alphabet. By VIRGINIA BUCKLER and RONDA MANN. Kankakee, Illinois

YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE

Once upon a time there was a family called the Bigger family. In this family there was Papa Bigger, Mama Bigger, Uncle Bigger. Sister Bigger, and Johnny Bigger. Of all this family, which one was the biggest? By ANNE BILDERBACK and POLLY WALKER.

CONCEALED MINERALS

In each of the following sentences there is hidden the name of a mineral.

- 1. "Is it because I am growing old that my eyes are dim?" she asked.
- 2. A boy named Basil very nearly won the first prize.
- I read about the lost puppy in a little advertisement.
- 4. "This is altogether too easy," she said.
- 5. The book was bound in fine Morocco, all the letters stamped and edges finished as he wanted them.

By HATTIE MCENERNEY.

Galt. California

Riverside, California

For Answers, See Page 49

WHERE POISE BEGINS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

the rib section is up where it belongs, you can breathe deeply without heaving up and down.

Remember you can't have the kind of exquisite balance that makes a head lift and an eye gladden without holding your chest as high as possible. And I'll tell you something else. It has been discovered that successful women-those who are able to do whatever lies before them with finesse and beauty-invariably have a wide spread between their two rib sections. You will find soon that, when you make that distance as great as possible, you, too, will have more power.

Now the tummy. It should be worn high. Most of you are letting it sag. So long as it sags, you will have a barrel shape, or a bagtied-in-the-middle look which is lumpish.

To get your abdominal section where it belongs, hold it up and in as far as you can. Don't just pull it in at the waist line, but include the part below the belt as well. It is that part which makes the disconcerting roll below the waistline that ruins the appearance of the smartest tweed skirt. When you have learned to hold that part of you up and back against your backbone, you will wear a suit with the casual grace you admire.

When you sit, be sure this lower abdominal section is held in and that you have pushed your buttocks back against the chair. Then let your waist muscles relax so that your waistline touches the back of the chair, but be sure your front remains straight right down to the right angle bend.

When at home, choose a chair that you can sit in easily. The big, deep chairs you have been lounging in will not give you the real rest that a good straight-back chair will do, or a soft one with a less deep seat. Don't forget that you can never wear clothes well if you spend eight hours a day in a poor sitting posture, nor will you ever have a trim, streamline figure if you sit on one hip, with your spine tied in knots and your chest collapsed.

After you have put some intelligent thought on these positions, you will be able to stand in such a way that the rest of your body will fall into place, and will give you a feeling of lightness. It is this correct balance which produces the perfect coordination so typical of

As a test, stand in front of your mirror so that you get a side view. When your backbone is in correct position, a straight line might be drawn from the center of your shoulder through the center of your hips and your instep. Probably your hips are too far forward, possibly they're too far back. If they are just right, you are a lucky exception. A word more about sitting. When you lean

forward to study, do you really lean? Do you know that your bending apparatus is in the ball and socket joint of your hips, and do you use those? Or do you just collapse as you get down to your books? If you do the latter, you are building the wrong type of figure.

When you've learned how to adjust the

different sections around your backbone, then it will be easy to forget your hands and feet and you can't move with grace or poise until that has been done. It is wise to know where to park them so they won't have to have another thought. The correct place for your feet is in front of you with the ankles crossed. Your hands may rest naturally in your lap with the palm of one on the wrist of the other, or one hand may be on the arm of the chair-but don't crook an elbow over the back of the chair unless in the house of a friend and in a very casual mood! Usually your palms are down, but if your hands perspire, leave the palms up to the air. (Better drink more water and breathe more deeply so as to correct the habit!)

The human body was designed for graceful movement. Yet the people who move with beauty are so few in number that we remember them with the greatest pleasure. Very few move beautifully without training, but there is no reason why you should not begin to train yourself. Walk around your room each day with a book on your head, sit down and get up with it still there-but use a book you don't care for, as its back may be broken if you do lose balance and spill it off! After you've done this a while, you'll know what I mean by moving your backbone as one piece.

Now comes the most important trick! Draw all your power in toward your center and disown all the rest of you. Inhale, a slow deep breath, and take your center into the room, or wherever you want to go. At the same time, take your mind off yourself and put it on what you are going to do, whom you are going to see, or where you are going.

Then you will feel yourself a complete person, and you will enjoy the sense of adequacy given by real physical poise. If you are athletic, you will begin to excel; if you like clothes, you will find you have that enviable quality of "chic"; and, without knowing it, suddenly, overnight-when you are older, of course-you will find that you have acquired distinction.

Why build a "future you" that is mediocre when it is possible to create one so well poised that entering a room, walking on the street, or making any movement at all, brings joy to you and pleasure to those who look at

AMBURGER

John paused, and Meg took advantage of his indecision to speed away, running along the ties toward the curve in the track. Rounding the red earth-shoulder of the cut, she heard him calling after her, "The engineer sits at the right side of the cab, remember!"

Out of sight, Meg's courage took an unexpected flop. She began to feel small and scared. Only poor Hamburger's predicament, and the knowledge that she had rashly taken this task upon herself against John's judgment, kept her on her way The unfamiliar

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

landscape ahead looked depressing. Low waste places, swamps, and trees. Not a road or foot path anywhere, nor a soul in view-only the rising grade of the track. A stretch of country that might have been marked, "No Thoroughfare," back of the cheerful stage setting of everyday life.

And, too, for the first time, she noticed a sound which, in the excitement of the accident, no member of the party had heeded. The roar of water. Puddingstone Creek, of course, and, by the noise, near at hand. That STAMP COLLECTION FREE: Contains Africa; Confederate States (fac-simile); China "Wild Goose"; French Colonies; Beautiful Belgium Queen Astrid stamp, etc. all free to approval applicants sending 25 postage. 100 linges, fc. Watermark Detector, 26. 13 Confederate Prints, 16c.

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GOOD NEWS

STAMP COLLECTORS

Beginning with the July issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL

Mr. Osborne B. Bond, editor of

"WHEN STAMPS ARE YOUR HOBBY"

will bring you stamp news everymonthon these pages.

THE RULES

for the

NUTCRACKER SUITE

CAPTION CONTEST

For the caption that best reveals what the picture on page 30 is about, a prize of a new book will be awarded. Brevity will be a point in favor of any caption. Each competitor may send as many as she chooses. Please print captions and include only your name, address, age, and date on the same sheet of paper. Address your entries to the Caption Contest Editor, c/o THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. You do not have to be a subscriber to enter this contest. Entries must be mailed by April twenty-fifth.

WHO CRACKED The February NUT?

Beverly J. Loseff of Chicago, Illinois, is the winner in the Nutcracker Suite Caption Contest for February, with the title, "The Truth Comes Out, My Pet!" Beverly will receive a book as a prize.

Other interesting titles were: Mama's Little Lamb; The Lady or the Lion; A Character Study: The Artist Knows; Changing the Subject: Surrealism: A Young Cat; Portrait of Kitty; Lily, the Lion; "Is It True What They Draw About You?"; "Did Anyone Ever Tell You That You Have a Feline Face, My Little Lady?"; "Who's a-Lyin'?"; A Li(e) on Canvas: "I Hope Her Mamma Won't Notice the Difference"; March— In Like a Lamb, Out Like a Lion; "As the Sands of Time Pass, Elizabeth Will Become Queen of England": The Lion of England Princess Elizabeth: Painting a Descendant of Richard the Lion-Hearted: The Artist's Conception of Her (sent by seven girls); The Lion and the Lamb (sent by eleven); The Lion and the Mouse (by nineteen); and Beauty and the Beast (by ninety-three).

Watch for the announcement in the May Issue-of an exciting new Contest.

must be it, beyond the flooded meadow. There, where the black superstructure of a railroad trestle raised itself, against the yellow-green of the willows.

'But I can't go over a trestle," she worried. "The train might catch me. I'll stand on this side and wave. I'll be far enough from the crossing, there, to give the train more time than it needs, to stop.

So far, there was no smoke against the sky. The grade of the track was steep, and she paused for breath. The flooded meadow lay below her now and the voice of the creek was frightening. "I've been gone fully five minutes. The train must be late.'

Already she was near enough to see ribbons of spray flinging up from the river, below the trestle just ahead. What was that? She looked again at the tall points of iron lacethis time watching fixedly. Were the iron points moving? It seemed so. As if the bridge were wavering.

A new spurt of running brought her to the brink, where she stood staring. For, against the onslaught of the water, the trestle was giving way. The creek, always deep at this point, rolled, swollen, between its self-erected barriers of stones like a stream of glass, and, crashing against the bridge piers, changed into a boiling rapid, throwing up ragged loops of foam.

The center support had been washed out and carried down stream. She could see it lying there, among the stones near the bank. The bridge's under-structure seemed struggling to tear loose from the farthest pier, shuddering and turning under the pounding of the current. The rails of the track were already displaced.

Then, as she stood there wondering what to do, Meg heard a sound that tightened every nerve-the engine whistle for the crossing at Goldsboro, the station next below Green Village. The train! With its load of care-free people, laughing and joking, perhaps, as she and Phyl and Sally had laughed and joked when their train crossed this very trestle last evening in the rain. Hamburger faded from her mind. The train might be on the bridge before the engineer could see her flag. On the bridge? It would be at the bottom of Puddingstone Creek!

A moment before, Meg had thought she couldn't cross a trestle. But now, in the face of the approaching train, she crossed this one, though, like London Bridge, it was falling down. Clinging to the red scarf, she stepped from tie to tie, sometimes pausing to steady herself with a hand against the swinging iron trellis while she calculated where next to place a foot. She could not keep her eyes from the seething waters below. "Maybe you'll see more of it than you like." Sally had spoken truly that morning.

It was a courage-challenging journey, but short. One more effort and she was over, and running desperately toward a distant but rapidly enlarging black dot on the rails. "The engineer sits at the right side of the cab, remember!" She crossed to the left where she could face him coming toward her. Luckily the grade was wide enough to afford a safe footing.

The train was coming fast, and she shook out her flag and waved it toward the cab.

But the impersonal iron mechanism gave no sign. It raged on toward her, towering higher and blacker with every second. Something white-a piece of paper-sucked by the draft, was ricochetting beside the wheels. She swung the scarf wildly. Did the engineer see? If he did, he wasn't going to stop.

At that instant there was a withering screech from the engine, and the cowcatcher's steel fan seemed to devour the track with diminishing speed. In her excitement she lost all prudence and, stepping over the rail, flaunted her flag in the monster's very face.

Heads craned from the windows of the coaches as the engineer, in a cloud of steam, dropped from the cab and ran toward her along the ties. He was a stout, grimy man with a visored cap on backwards, and the thin spout of an oil-can sticking out of a side pocket of his overalls. The train was late, and his expression so fierce that, even in her moment of triumph, Meg was glad that her act was justified.

What's the matter?" he demanded.

The fireman and a fat conductor joined him. Little groups of passengers were alighting from the cars. A young brakeman, with a handful of flags, swung down and ran toward the rear.

Suddenly Meg felt confused. Her knees obbled. "Old Man River. I mean, Pudwobbled. "Old Man River. I mean, Pud-dingstone Creek," she murmured, and sat down in the middle of the track.

When she opened her eyes, people were milling around her. She could hear them praising her. They were talking about the trestle and about Puddingstone Creek. She realized that she was leaning against a shoulder that seemed familiar, and she felt no surprise at hearing Sue Kingsley's voice. "She'll be all right, Ace," Sue was saying. There was Ace Corhett, too, kneeling before her with water in a paper cup.

Embarrassed, she struggled to her feet, putting aside eager hands. Even in the breezy out-of-doors, the circle of sympathetic faces seemed to shut out the air. "Hamburger's fast in the track. I'll have to go back,"
Sue put an arm around her. "What're you

talking about, Meg?'

Pulling herself together, Meg told the story more coherently. The engine driver's fierce expression had vanished and now he was all solicitude. "You can't cross that bridge again, Miss. It ain't safe.

But a big young man in tweeds took matters into his own hands. Later, Meg discovered that he was a construction engineer. 'That bridge may hold up an hour yet," he said. "And a girl as brave as this one knows what she wants."

A stout citizen in a wrinkled gray suit expressed approval. "Right," he agreed. "I'll go, too. Come along, Sissy!" He had a straggly mustache, and a polished tooth of some fish or animal dangled from his watch

Going back, between the big young man and the wrinkled citizen, was easy. Meg kept her eyes off the water and left the responsibility to them. Sue and Ace, their change in schedule still unexplained, scrambled precariously in the rear.

"Here comes Jock," Sue cried, as they left the bridge and once more stepped out on solid ground.

A lithe figure was indeed running toward them. Even at a distance he looked frowning and troubled. Reaching them, he cast a stricken glance at Meg. "Is she hurt? It's my fault. It was crazy to let her go."

Meg pulled away from her two escorts. "I'm all right, Jock."

This time, in a minimum of words, it was Sue who told the tale, incidentally explaining why she and Ace had taken the train due at Green Village at noon. "Ace 'phoned me at the office this morning that he could get away early. So Miss (Continued on page 50)



Absent-Minded

OFFICER: What's the matter?

PROFESSOR: A man drove away with my

OFFICER: Do you know who it was?

PROFESSOR: No. but I have his license number .- Sent by ELAINE BILLMAN, Logansport, Indiana.

The Reason

The two friends had not seen each other for some time. After the usual greetings, they surveyed each other, and one re-marked, "You've put on weight since I saw you last, George.

"Oh, no," the other answered, "it's only because I'm wearing one of those two-pants

suits."-Sent by ELDROENE REGER, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month



Point-of-View

Boy: Daddy, do teachers get paid? DADDY: Why, yes, son. Boy: It isn't fair, Daddy. We do

the work .- Sent by KATHRYN KEESEY, South Bend, Indiana.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

Not So High

NEAR-SIGHTED Customer (in grocery store): Is that the head cheese over there at that counter?

CLERK: No, ma'am, that's one of his assistants - Sent by IANANNE BLISH, Des Moines, Iowa.

Not Wanted

The Smiths were in conference about hiring a certain applicant for cook.

'Don't take her,' advised Mr. Smith. don't like her looks at

all."
"But," protested
his wife, "remember reputation for cooking she bears."

"Makes no difference," growled Smith. We don't want any

she-bears cooked. We don't eat 'em, anyway!"-Sent by ROSE SMITH, Galax, Virginia.

He Would

FIRST CAVE GIRL: I'll never play bridge with Socko again.

SECOND CAVE GIRL: Why, what happened? FIRST CAVE GIRL: He always leads with a club!-Sent by MARGARET BARTHOLOMEW, Ogden, Utah,

One Way



MISTRESS: So far you have broken more dishes and things than your wages amount to. What can we do to prevent this?

NEW MAID: I dunno, ma'am, less'n you raise my wages.—Sent by JANE EDMUNDS, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

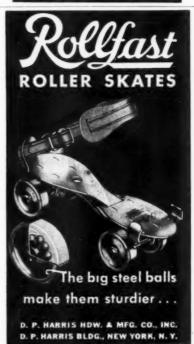
2 good scouts are better than

So when you wash your beret, or "do up" little personalsget the help of two good washing scouts—use Fels-Naptha Soap. It brings you richer, golden soap plus lots of naptha-and dirt goes quicker! Tell mother to try Fels-Naptha for the big wash—it gets rid of "tattle-tale gray."

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ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

THE PIANO PLAYER: Lamp shade is off center.

Key hole on door upside down. 3. Girl has two left hands. 4. Collar has star on one corner, anchor on other. 5. Music book does not rest on rack. 6. Music book is upside down. 7. Music lines are not curved with the page. 8. Edge of piano cover shows in front of flowers. 9. Lines of piano do not meet in back of vase. 10. No strings inside of piano. 11. Key board higher on left side of girl. 12. Black keys in groups of three. 13. Ends of piano different. 14. No leg on left end of piano bench.

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

FARCE
ADO RN

ROBOT

CRONE

WORD JUMPING: Tent, went, want, wane, wake, lake.

lake.
A DANCE CHARADE: Minuet.
ADD A LETTER: The ten added letters spell CIN-ADD A LET DERELLA.

DERELLA.
AN ENIGMA: Ludwig Von Beethoven.
YE Olde Time Riddle: Johnny, because he is a little Bigger.
CONCEALED MINERALS: 1. Gold, 2. Silver, 3. Lead, 4. Salt, 5. Coal.

Interruption



An entertainer was giving an impersonation when a cat walked across the stage. You get out of here," he said. "This isn't

a catalogue, it's a monologue."—Sent by GRETCHEN HAUTH, Hawkeye, lowa.

Tacit Understanding

"I am a woman of few words," announced the haughty mistress to the new maid. "If I beckon with my finger, that means come.

'Suits me, mum," replied the girl. "I'm a woman of few words meself. If I shake me head, that means I ain't comin'."-Sent by HARRIET LANTOW, Sofford, Arizona.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

HAMBUR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

Bayliss was decent enough to let me off." John listened, amazed. "We'll have to hand it to you, Meg," he said gravely, when Sue finished. Adding, with a wishful glance at the trestle, "I'd like to go and look at it, but I've got to get back."

Meg detained him. "Did you get Ham-

burger loose?"

'No. Sandy's gone for help, and Red's carrying on alone. Phyl's frightened to death about you, and so was I. Come on, Ace." The two boys broke into a run.

The girls and their new friends followed, making such good time-even the stout man in gray-that the party arrived almost simultaneously at the ill-starred crossing. Phyl and Sally still stood on the bank, in charge of four horses, and Red knelt pacifyingly above the inert lump of mud which was Hamburger.

But there must have been a spark under

that mud, for Hamburger saw them coming, and the sight spurred him to action. A shiver passed over him, and he started again to roll and kick. His pawing hoofs pounded the planks of the crossing, and suddenly, with a jerk and a click, he accomplished the impossible. The rail released the trapped shoe, and the old animal staggered up, shaking and blowing, a muddy scarecrow.

With all due sympathy for Hamburger's troubles, it was hard to look at him and keep a straight face. Plastered with mud, he was bagging at all four knees at once, and his thin old neck and wheezing hammer-head thin old neck and wheelers craned forward, aggrieved and accusing.

A cheer went up from the bystanders. gosh!" John exploded. All three boys ran to the old horse's head to pat and praise him. The big young man followed. Passing their hands up and down his legs they examined him carefully and pronounced him unhurt.

But all this attention given to Hamburger was not pleasing to the man in gray. Meg was the heroine of this occasion, and he was determined she should have her due. Some of her friends were still ignorant of what had happened at the bridge. So, raising his voice, he pointed at her with a fat finger. "This young lady here—" he began, in a futile effort to command attention. "This young lady here deserves to have a gold medal give her!'

Meg didn't mean to be rude to her stout friend, but her sense of humor suddenly prevaited. She gave one look at the outraged old horse, then burst into a shout of laughter.

The one who really deserves a gold medal," she cried, "is Hamburger! He started the whole business, and saw it through. But what he seems to need now is a consolation

can find out, then we can tell most girls what most boys like in them, for we shall be talking about the likes and dislikes of the vast majority of boys. Surely that ought to be enough for any one girl!

All right, then, let's go. The boy we are talking about likes a girl to think about him, rather than about herself. And that means he likes her to try to put him at his ease.

The best way to do this is to talk when he doesn't feel like talking, or doesn't know what to say; but to do it with a watchful eye for the time when he wants to begin to talk. And when he does, he's quite likely to want to talk about himself! Well, if and when he does, let him. If I were to give a girl one formula that is almost guaranteed to make a boy like her, it would be this: "Get him started talking about himself, and then listen interestedly.

But you can't do this, and get away with it, unless you really are interested in people; the sham is transparent. But if you possess a real interest in other human beings, you have something that beats the best "line" other girl may pride herself on possessing.

Next, let him know that you are enjoying yourself when you are with him, and that you appreciate what he may do to entertain you. That doesn't mean that you should rave, or effervesce, or be "girlish" over whatever it is that he is doing for you. It does mean, however, that you let him see you are appreciating his treat, whether it is costly or inexpensive.

If it happens to be inexpensive, be especially careful to manifest your appreciation. For unless he's downright stingy—and not a great many boys are that—the chances are that he's pretty sensitive over the fact that what he is offering you isn't costing more. You may be sure there is some good reason why he is not spending much; and, if you are wise, you will assume that it's for the best reason of all-that he hasn't it to spend. You'll probably be right.

If you let him suspect that you think him a tightwad, you may give up any expectation of seeing him again. That is one of the slights that a sensitive boy does not easily forget. And remember, the boy we are talking about is sensitive; we are safe in saying that, for almost every boy, no matter how hard-boiled he tries to appear, is sensitive.

If you want to know something that will make you popular with boys and their parents, too, try making one spend less on you than he expected to do. It's a sure-fire hit; it never fails to register! It is amazing how many girls there are who suggest that boys spend money in entertaining them. It may be for a movie, or merely a soda at the drug store, but it is an effective way to make sure of not being taken out again.

Here's a suggestion that covers a dozen things almost any boy likes, "Be natural." After you once make up your mind to do this, it's a thousand times easier and pleasanter than being the things so many girls try to be. For instance, if you are large for your age, and naturally move rather slowly, don't try to flit like a humming bird. If you are by nature frank and open, don't try to be kittenish. If you are more at home when you are serious, don't try to clown. If you do, you may succeed in being one-and most boys think that's pretty deadly, for a girl.

Be natural about your laughing, too, Giggling girls get on a boy's nerves-unless he happens to be giggling, too! And don't laugh at the wrong time, or at the wrong people. If you want to play safe, don't laugh at anybody; if you do, you may be laughing at someone whom the boy is fond of, or respects. Making fun of people behind their backs can be lots of fun, but it is never kind, and it may be dangerous. For a boy always has a sneaking suspicion that the girl who laughs at every one else, probably laughs at him, too, as soon as his back is turned. And that doesn't help, either.

If you like to dance, do it as well as you possibly can. But remember, many boys do not enjoy dancing. If the boy we're discussing happens to be one of those who doesn't, he'll appreciate it a lot if you suggest doing something else, occasionally. The same thing holds good with bridge. After all, there are other things in the world that are fun.

You probably can't beat boys at their own sports. If you do, Heaven may forgive you, but the boy you defeat never will. Play games as well and as hard as you can, if you want to; but don't expect success to endear you to your defeated competitor. And be exceedingly careful about wearing mascu-line-looking clothes. Most men and boys like girls who are feminine and resent any CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

attempt, on their part, to appear masculine. Do you like effeminate boys? If you do not, you will understand how they feel about mannish girls.

Don't be one of those girls that boys dread because of their freedom about using the telephone. It's bad enough when they're at home, and have to stand the razzing of dads and brothers, and the annoyed looks of mothers. But when it comes to receiving telephone calls at the office-if the boy is old enough to have a job-that's pretty apt to be fatal to friendship. A young man who has been called down by his boss because some girl was inconsiderate enough to telephone him repeatedly during business hours, isn't likely to find anything about her

that he likes.

One more "don't," and then I'm going to stop advising you. Don't be one of those foolish girls who writes sentimental or slushy notes to boys. Yes, girls do that—if you'd talked with boys as I have done, you'd be surprised. Such letters are not necessarily confidential. I remember a group of boys in college who howled riotously over the confidences of a girl's letter. Rotten on the boy's part? Of course it was! But a clever girl will not put herself into a position where she can be humiliated.

In conclusion, remember this-it may help in determining what boys like most in girls: most boys and men are extremely conservative in judging the girls they want for friends. Their ideas and tastes change more slowly than you'd think, to hear some of them talk. They like to feel that the girls they admire are a little more refined, a little more particular, a little finer, than they are themselves. And if they find that they are mistaken, they are offended. When that happens, they are likely to go elsewhere for friendship, usually without so much as a word of explanation. Unfair? Yes, it is, and I am not trying to defend them. But that's the way they are, and you girls may as well realize it and make the best of it. Foerwarned is forearmed.

Perhaps you'll think that all, or most, of what I have told you, is wrong. Let me suggest a good way to check on me. Ask some boy that you know well enough to talk things like this over with-and boys love to do that -to read this article, and then tell you exactly what he thinks,



"Horses, Horses! Crazy Over Horses!"

OAN gazed adoringly at the bay horse whose bridle she was holding, admiring the shapely head, the beaming brown eyes, the neat white star set between.

"Isn't your Uncle Jim a peach to leave his horses with us while he's abroad?" she murmured. beauty has the most glorious coathe's as brown and shiny as a horsechestnut!" Then, as she felt the strong, velvet-soft lips nibbling at her arm, "Sorry, old precious, but I haven't any sugar to-day. Tomorrow, sure."

Jean sighed blissfully. "Don't you love their names-Melody and Harmony? Why don't you ride Melody always, as you're so crazy about him? I'm nuts about Harmony. I always did love a roanand those eyes of his just turn me to butter. Uncle Jim says the horses are both so gentle, they'd sit in your lap if they got the chance."

 Joan giggled at the ridiculous picture these words evoked. "We'll have to get some swanky riding clothes to be worthy of them," she said, "and some really good boots. I hate to go in and leave the old pets, don't you? Wish we could keep 'em in our rooms!"

It was Jean's turn to giggle. "Foolish!" she grinned, as she surrendered Harmony's bridle to her "Well, since we uncle's groom. can't take them into the house, suppose we go up to my room and read the May AMERICAN GIRL."

"Fine!" cried Joan. "I'm specially anxious to get my teeth into that article by Beatrice Pierce, Do the Crowd Like to Come to Your House?-and I'm simply burned up to discover what may be com-

Jean nodded. "There's a story about Lucy Ellen that I'm dying to read, too. It's called Sweet Chariot. And here's a thing-did you know Phyl and Meg have a dog now? I had just taken one bite of that story —the name of it is Beautiful Eyes -when the horses came, and I had

ing in The House by the Road."

to leave it."

"Let's read that one right away," said Joan, pushing open the door. "Now that we have Melody and Harmony, I'm more interested in animal stories than ever."

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